3 1761 07463702 6

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/poeticalworkscol03mall

BUTLER,

An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose

Vol. II. Elephant in the Moon.

Painted by H. Singleton *Engraved by F. W. Tomkins.*

Published 1st June 1806 by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

THE

BRITISH POETS:

WITH THE MOST

APPROVED TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,

WITH

DISSERTATIONS, NOTES, &c.

The Text collated with the best Editions,

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

VOLS. IX. X.

CONTAINING THE POETICAL WORKS OF

BUTLER. In 3 Volumes. Vol. 3.

MALLET.

369331
27.7.89

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE.

1810—1824.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,

Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1812.

PR
3338
A17
1812
v. 3

CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE	5
The Elephant in the Moon	9
——————————— in long verse	25
——————————— a Fragment	42
Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Cater-wauling, in the modern heroic way	45
To the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq. upon his incomparable Poem of the British Princes	49
Palinode to the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq. upon the same.	51
Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's Recovery from his Madness	54
Upon Critics who judge of modern Plays precisely by the Rules of the Ancients	57
Prologue to the Queen of Arragon, acted before the Duke of York, upon his Birth-day	60
Epilogue to the same. To the Duchess	61
Upon Philip Nye's thanksgiving Beard	62
Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man	67
—— upon the licentious Age of Charles II.	74
—— upon Gaming	80
—— to a bad Poet	83
—— on our ridiculous Imitation of the French	87
—— upon Drunkenness	91
—— upon Marriage	94
—— upon Plagiaries	98

Page
Satire, in Two Parts, upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning. Part I.. 104
Fragments of an intended Second Part of the foregoing Satire 110
Upon an hypocritical Nonconformist. A Pindaric Ode..... 120
Upon Modern Critics. A Pindaric Ode..... 129
To the happy Memory of the most renowned Du Val. A Pindaric Ode 133
A Ballad upon the Parliament which deliberated upon making Oliver a King..... 139
A Ballad, in Two Parts. Conjectured to be on Oliver Cromwell. Part I..... 141
——————————— Part II..... 143
Miscellaneous Thoughts 145
Triplets upon Avarice..... 171
Description of Holland..... ib.
To his Mistress..... 172
To the same..... ib.
Epigram on a Club of Sots..... 173
Hudibras's Elegy..... ib.
Hudibras's Epitaph..... 177

PREFACE.

It would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these Remains. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class, cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world, that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion, that the manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing; as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them: that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple; who (as the writer of Butler's life informs us) was at the charge of burying him; that, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this gentle-

man has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

'I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

'Walgherton, Cheshire, Nov. 20, 1754. JOHN CLARKE.'

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler; yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the poet's character and memory; and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader, which the posthumous works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last

hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general; one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity; and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic: no reason can, I think, be assigned, why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege; except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy, that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, too, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular, too, in his manner of writing; every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these *Remains;* and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me, that I have faithfully discharged the office of an editor; and shall leave to future critics the pleasure

of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the author's meaning; by reciting and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes: and he cannot but observe, that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets; the world may probably think that the publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say (and to persons of candour I need to say no more) is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature; and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON [1].

A LEARN'D society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland [2], where
The sly surveyors stole a shire:
To' observe her country, how 'twas planted [3],
With what she' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the properest observations
For settling of new plantations,

[1] This poem was intended by the author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

[2] A supposed satirical allusion to Sir William Petty, who was employed in taking a survey of Ireland in Cromwell's time; and was afterwards impeached, for mismanagement in the allotments of the Irish lands.

[3] Bishop Wilkin's wrote a discourse to prove, that the moon may be an habitable world.

If the Society should incline
To' attempt so glorious a design.
  This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.
  When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief[4],
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To the' optic glass his judging eye,
Cried, 'Strange!'—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began to' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire;
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cried out, impatient to know what
The matter was, they wonder'd at.
  Quoth he, 'The' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,

[4] William, Viscount Brownlow, then president of the Royal Society, is the person supposed.

(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiler
Than those rude peasants, that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.'

With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Applied one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close;
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with the' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly' it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being' united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,

Observ'd his best, and then cried out,
'The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
'These silly ranting Privolvans,
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as soland geese
I' the' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' the' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From the' old Arcadians they're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as the' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling;
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.'
While thus the learn'd man entertains
The' assembly with the Privolvans;
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,

Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in the' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's [6] prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all the' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus [7] and the' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanack well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cider's made;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their several strengths by sea and land;
What factions they'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:

[6] Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chemistry, &c.

[7] Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her d'ameter to' an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by the' scale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without the' expense of cheese or bacon.
With lutestrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or p—ng;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to the' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh;
Chase evil sp'rits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint;

Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew, would own.
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd slates are best to make,
On wat'ry surface, duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath, or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assay'd so long agone;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeses;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of zany serv'd,

Hight Whachum [8], bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman-astrologer:
His business was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry' intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
Among the' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and the' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;

[8] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a foolish Welshman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one *Richard Green*, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sowgelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate, if they will;
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
To' advance his master's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggrel rhymes his spells:
Which over every month's blank page
I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress, eating a black-pudding;
And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It puft him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd the' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd alo ud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd g uests,
Like Orpheus look'd among the b easts:

A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood tied up to poetry;
No porter's burden pass'd along,
But serv'd for burden to his song:
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
Breeds business for heroic verse,
Which none does hear but would have hung,
To' have been the theme of such a song.
  Those two together long had liv'd,
In mansion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk[9],
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws, concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope,
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite;

[9] Lilly says, that Fisk was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham, in Suffolk; was bred at a country-school, and designed for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Colchester; after which he came to London, and practised there.

The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At the' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear:
This Sidrophel by chance espied,
And with amazement staring wide,
'Bless us!' quoth he, 'what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been
To the' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the shade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a star.'
This said, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,

And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping through,—'Bless us!' quoth he,
'It is a planet, now, I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And further leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common;
And can no less than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perspective, more wistfully,
When, by mischance, the fatal string,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star. 'Well shot!'
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
He 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more subtile witted,
Cried out, 'What horrible and fearful
Portend is this, to see a star fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick [10],
And some of us find out by magic:

[10] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things out of the pulpit, to the destruction

Then since the time we have to live
In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.'
  This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion;
Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
  'Whachum,' quoth he, 'look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:
The one's the learned Knight; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.'
Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
To' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
He held a stirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:
He ask'd him 'Whence they came; and whither
Their bus'ness lay?' Quoth Ralpho, 'Hither.'
'Did you not lose'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Nay.'
Quoth Whachum, 'Sir, I meant your way?
Your Knight'—Quoth Ralpho, 'is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth suffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards:'

of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russel, in Cambridgeshire.

'What time?'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung.'—
Quoth he, 'I meant what time o' th' day 'tis;'
Quoth Ralpho, 'Between seven and eight 'tis.'
'Why then,' quoth Whachum, 'my small art,
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.'—Quoth Ralph, 'A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.'
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception;
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded the' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: 'What was't,'
Quoth he, 'that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?'—
Quoth Whachum, 'Venus you retriev'd,
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign or friendly stars
To' allay the effect.' Quoth Wizard, 'So!
In Virgo? Ha!'—Quoth Whachum, 'No:'
'Has Saturn nothing to do in it?'
'One tenth of's circle to a minute!'
''Tis well,' quoth he—'Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As the' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.'

Quoth Hudibras, ‘ If I appear
Unseasonable, in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hop’d
Assistance from, and come to use;
’Tis fit that I ask your excuse.’
‘ By no means, sir,’ quoth Sidrophel,
‘ The stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your business too.’
Quoth Hudibras, ‘ Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe’er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe’er unlikely or absurd.’
‘ You are in love, sir, with a widow,’
Quoth he, ‘ that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your business is to know
If you shall carry her or no.’
Quoth Hudibras, ‘ You’re in the right,
But how the devil you come by’t
I can’t imagine; for the stars
I’m sure, can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on ’em) tell you more
Than the oracle of sieve and sheers,
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the devil’s of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And ’tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.’
Quoth Sidrophel, ‘ If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take the' alarm,
Your business is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology;
But for the devil, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.'
Quoth he, ' Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itself more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantation stoop;
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which every almanack can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself—then, friend, I doubt
You go the furthest way about.
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in the' earth to p— in,

And straight resolves all questions by't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosycrucian way's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a several gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose, with fumes, trapan 'em,
As Dunstan [11] did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose and answer to
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly [12] did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone;
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.

[11] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury, *anno* 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint.

[12] This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass, or a round stone like a crystal.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor; and the cur
Read to the' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain—
All other sciences are vain.'
To this, quoth Sidrophello; 'Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would show tricks
For the' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, and yet no devil;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosycross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster [13],
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'Alas! what is't t' us
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;

[13] Zoroaster has been commonly reputed the first inventor of Magic.

And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman [14], scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.'
  Quoth Sidrophel, ' It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Because you understand not why;
(As Averrhois [15] play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings, seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the histories of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by' astrologers, soothsayers,

[14] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor. John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, colonel and vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scott, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Fra. Vere. Colonel John Jones, a serving-man. Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

[15] An Arabian physician, who lived at Cordova in Spain.

Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks?
The Median Emperor [16] dreamt his daughter
Had p— all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches;
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by the' event he found it?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, by' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy to' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much pow'r,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?

[16] Astyages, King of Media. See Herodotus.

Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful Art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak the' events of our presages.
Have we not lately in the Moon,
Found a new world, to the' old unknown;
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?'
Quoth Hudibras, 'You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxag'ras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
The' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
'But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?

What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native nations?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy;
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas [17].
Tell me but what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws

[17] Domingo Gonsales wrote a Voyage to the Moon, and pretended to be carried thither by geese in Spanish ganzas. See Turkish Spy, vol. v.

The full-moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff[18];
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote.'
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
'Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature, we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.

[18] Jacob's staff is a mathematical instrument for taking heights and distances.

Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers,
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any' inferior concern?
Were they not during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth,
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whose livery does the coachman wear [19]?
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.

[19] Alluding to Charles's Wain: seven stars in the constellation Ursa Major, of which Bootes is called the driver.

Plato denied the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale;
In all the' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much less can it be without
Divine astrology made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven's above the earth.'
'These reasons,' quoth the Knight, 'I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
To' establish and keep up your factory.
The' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise;
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,

That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardon believ'd great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That as she whisk'd it tow'rds the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.
Some say the Zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm'd the Trigons chop'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake,
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than the' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many' hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,

Like Idus and Calendæ, English
The Quarter-days [20], by skilful linguist;
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some for brevity
Have cast the' versal world's nativity,
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,

[20] Supposed to be a banter on Fanshaw's translation of Horace. Exod. ii. 69, 70.

In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all the' emergencies of life:
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick;
Married his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave;
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and manslayer:
As if men from the stars did suck
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vented here among the rabble,
For stable goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In the' other world to be restored.'
Quoth Sidrophel, 'To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too;
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose,
I will (although I've done't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,

And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forgot befel you,
By way of horary inspection,
Which some account our worst erection.'
With that he circles draws, and squares,
With ciphers, astral characters;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, 'This scheme of the' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a Maypole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well.
And though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle;
And handled you like a fop-doodle.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave:
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.'
'Not true!' quoth he: 'howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify 't to your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd to a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and Caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I do believe
That argument's demonstrative:
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches;

For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the Sessions
Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration [21] of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.'
Quoth Sidrophel, 'I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.'
'Huffer!' quoth Hudibras, 'this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay
Lest he and Whachum run away.'
But Sidrophel, who from the' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.

[21] The vibration of a pendulum was a device intended to settle a certain measure all the world over.

This being resolv'd; he spied, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, 'The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermine!
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows;
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,

Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.'
This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him to' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers[22],
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones[23],
And several constellation-stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,

[22] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelhorn*, a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her, so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

[23] Napier's bones or rods, were contrived by the celebrated Napier of Merchiston, for the purpose of facilitating certain arithmetical operations.

Straight cast about to over-reach
The' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung;
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about
And fell to's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, 'Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh! oh!'—with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoor,
Shut both his eyes, and stop'd his breath,
And to the life out-acted death;
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, 'He has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk
To carry on the Public Work;
Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
And their Conventions prov'd high places;
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend Parsons, to my beard;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scan'd,
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the Session,
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;

And that will disengage my Conscience
Of the' obligation, in his own sense:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means denied,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.'
This being resolv'd; with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And, with activity unwont,
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spur'd his palfry,
To get from the' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE[1]

OF

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.——

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your scull,
As often as the moon's at full;
'Tis not amiss, ere y'are giv'n o'er,
To try one desperate med'cine more:

[1] This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said (in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706) to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which occasioned this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who is said to have made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon; which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See Poem, intitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, vol. iii.

For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Prynne's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucified, compare;
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd;
As loud as one that sings his part
To' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had stun'd,
And torn your drumheads with the sound)
And 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be possest,
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture
But (like a reprobate) what course
'Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?

Nor putting pigs to' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mungrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying sound from rotten eggs:
Your several new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected saps:
Recovering shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment;
And, like your whimsied chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows;
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye,
Into the' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade by' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,

And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad naturals?
But still the more you strive to' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though ye 'ave purchas'd to your name
In history, so great a fame [2];
That now your talent's so well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That every strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your German scale—
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of every lie.
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account;
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.

[2] These two lines seem to indicate that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of *Sidrophel*, for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable.

Alas! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have tried that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone:
And all the best that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire to' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made,
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r
To' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings to' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns, with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream, their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,

And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they're hind'red,
For trusting those they made her kindred,
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever died
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong into' Elysium,
Through the' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use,
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
  No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all the' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again to' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held the' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle,

Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of the' inns of Court, and Chancery justice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To the' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the gaol,
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befal,
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
To' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he resolv'd to' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods, and chattles, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.

Thought he, 'the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;
But when their bones were drub'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 'ave quell'd so vast a buffalo?'
Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
To' attack the cunning-man, for plunder,
Committed falsely on his lumber;
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they should at gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessary;

But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind the' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation:
And therefore much about the hour
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Justice, and an unback'd jury,
The Squire concur'd to' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
To' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,

And having tied his beast to' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her:
And now began to' approach the door,
When she, who had spied him out before,
Convey'd the' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encountering, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:
'Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;
And now am come, to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so; the thing's done,
Or may I never see the sun,
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart.'
With that he shrug'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache:
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd.
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.
'Madam,' quoth he, 'I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which, like your votary, to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;

And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.'
Quoth she, 'I do remember once
I freed you from the' inchanted sconce,
And that you promis'd for that favour,
To bind your back to the' good behaviour;
And, for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load;
And what 'twould bear to' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love:
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
But if you have, I shall confess
Y' are honester than I could guess.'
Quoth he, 'If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't:
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best secur'ty.'
Quoth she, 'Some say the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In the' other world 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't:
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven;
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;

And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but prisoners on paroles.'
' For that,' quoth he, ' 'tis rational,
They may be' accomptable in all:
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed;
It follows nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past:
For oaths are the' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.'
Quoth she, ' What is it you would swear?—
There's no believing till I hear:
For till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.'
Quoth he, ' When I resolv'd to' obey
What you commanded t'other day,
And to perform my exercise,
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
To' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do't upon the place:
But as the castle is inchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stent'rophonic voice,

That roar'd far off, " Dispatch, and strip,
I'm ready with the' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
To expiate thy lingering sin;
Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake,
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, time was :" and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet the' horror of the thing was less
Than t'other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still plied as fast,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing;
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout,
I found the' infernal cunning-man,
And the' under-witch, his Caliban,
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their hellish rage a stop;

Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himself to' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Div'd under water, in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorcerer to engage;
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on,
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, " O hold, for pity, sir;
I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, by' a witch,
But conjur'd into' a worse caprich,
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities to' improve
Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for inchantment pass;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea-pepper;

Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry [1],
Commit fantastical advowtry;
Bewitch hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon [2];
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;
And, sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals [3];
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack off universal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass;
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece;
To draw in fools, whose natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn."
'I pitied the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for poltroons;

[1] Dewtry or Datura, is a plant which grows in the East Indies, whose flower and seed have a peculiar intoxicating quality.

[2] Manicon is said to be a species of nightshade, which produces mania.

[3] A supposed sneer at Martin Frobisher and others, who in the time of Queen Elizabeth went on an expedition to Cathaia, and brought home ore which they took for gold, bu which proved little better than coals.

For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civillest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him
About the witch with many a quest'on.
'Quoth he, "For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employ'd in all the' intrigues, and trust
Of feeble speculative lust;
Procurer to the' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;
For one predicting pimp has the' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get;
For those that do his business best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest.
Before so meriting a person
Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd;

Becomes a puisne imp itself,
And is another's witch's elf:
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to the' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,
Which he has varied more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too;
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candied provender.
Beside" '—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady stop'd his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
'If *half* those things,' said she, 'be true;'—
'They're *all*,' quoth he, 'I swear by you!'
'Why then,' said she, 'that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to the' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most,

Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
To' engage the devil on your side,
And steal, like Proserpine, your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke and rob'd his house,
And stole his talismanic louse[4],
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punaise,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By the' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;

[4] In order to free any place from vermin or other noxious animal, the figure of the animal was made of a consecrated metal, in a planetary hour, and this was called the Talisman. The joke here is, that Sidrophel had made a talismanic louse to preserve himself from that vermin.

For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done;
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove to' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours,
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.'

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd the' outside of his eyes to white;
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast tow'rd the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
'Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all the' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These relics of your constant lover.'
'You have provided well,' quoth she,
'I thank you, for yourself and me;
And shown your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits;
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think to' impose.'
'Why then,' quoth he, 'may hell surprise!'—
'That trick,' said she, 'will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had don't;
Provided that they pass the' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.'
'Madam,' quoth he, 'your love's a million;
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
To' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you' as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.'
'I find,' quoth she, 'my goods and chattles
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?'—
'Your plighted faith,' quoth he, 'and word
You pass'd in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.'
Quoth she, 'There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clap'd up, in heav'n,

And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease;
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like to' improve;
Love, that's too generous to abide
To be against its nature tied;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
To' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where the' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to be' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's infer'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something pass'd away, and sold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low;
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and t'other part,

That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs
They' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their childrens' tenants ere they're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by the' one
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got by' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which she's fortified no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power,
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain[5],
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals, to their ladies regent;

5 Villanage was an ancient tenure, by which the servants were obliged to perform the most slavish services for their lords.

To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land,
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled:
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, to' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,

To gain the' advantage of the set,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat:
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery;
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They're in the very act, recoil—
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance;
And widows, who have tried one lover,
Trust none again till they 'ave made over;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them;
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose:
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,

But rather trust, on tick, to' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
They' ave more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which the' ancients wisely signified
By the' yellow manteaus of the bride:
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and crincum of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed
And lie-in, in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;

Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness being all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're sound,
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under visor-masks their talents,
And mother-wits, before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from the' easy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd to' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullises of ears,

And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Sirens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By the' husband mandrake, and the wife,
Both buried, like themselves, alive.'
Quoth he, ' These reasons are but strains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which railliers, in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from the' original, his side,
To' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dried-up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right, a bride;
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly' attracts of your's, your eyes
And face, that all the world surprise,

That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces
Are all made up of two half faces,
That, in a mathematic line,
Like those in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright us much to look upon:
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
The' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd:
But those that serve the body' alone
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at the' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How' entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses
In all the wonders she produces;
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife!
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;

So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind:
For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Preposterously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives
Than they're supplied with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths;
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend to' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debar'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all the' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.

Or what but marriage has a charm
The rage of empires to disarm?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the interests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
To' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies-errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train
The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives, and ladies of the Lakes;
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth;
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,
But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if the' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;

Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her the same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves to' improve:
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post,
Yet when they're at their races' ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love;
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudest clamours more
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen
As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:

Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of pray'rs;
Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
The' interests of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose.
And what security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has;
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the' heav'n of a lover?'
'I grant,' quoth she, 'there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true,
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heav'n by' another way,—repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet;
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,

But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money's on the book [6],
And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke;
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam that's superseded:
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once resign our pow'rs,
We 'ave nothing left we can call ours:
Our money's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services,
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;

[6] The Ministers' and Clerks' fees at weddings, are ordered by the rubric to be laid upon the book with the ring.

And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the dev'l does witches,
Who takes it for a special grace
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drassels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all she' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
The' effects of all your amorous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your lovesick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That the' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Beste and Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a vizor-bead;
How best to' accost us in all quarters,
To' our question-and-command new garters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:

For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cullied past amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much to' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
(For fat is wondrous apt to burn;)
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,

And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces into' your pocket.'
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder
That blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'ad been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it tried
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she who saw in what a taking
The Knight was, by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cried, 'Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality to' a stranger;
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.'

At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardikuute [7];
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cried aloud, to sally:—
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortified behind a door;
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in the' adventure.
Meanwhile they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again to' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till the' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what she 'ad order'd execute;
Which he resolv'd in haste to' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away,
And all he' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be, underneath a table,

[7] Two famous and valiant princes of this country; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Where he lay down in ambush close,
To' expect the' arrival of his foes.
  Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd the' enemy had storm'd;
And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile, the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By venturing only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
By' a general of the Cavaliers
Was drag'd through a window by the' ears [8],
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
  Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,

[8] Sir Erasmus P. of P—n Castle, in Pembrokeshire, was the person so served by Col. Egerton, an officer of the Cavaliers.

As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in to' his aid:
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by the' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come to' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clap'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
'Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints;
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
'What made thee venture to betray
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?'—
'That which contracts all matches, *money!*
It was the' enchantment of her riches
That made me' apply to' your crony witches;
That in return would pay the' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience,

Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For the' hundredth part of what I earn'd.'
' Didst thou not love her then? speak true.'
' No more,' quoth he, ' than I love you.'
' How wouldst thou have us'd her and her money?'
' First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
To' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
To' a friend in trust, or private lover.'
' What made thee pick and choose her out
To' employ their sorceries about?'
' That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.'
' But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?'
' I see you take me for an ass:—
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.'
' Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?'
' That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;

Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by' a very few;
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.'
'Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?'
'Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:
A gift that is not only able,
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws empower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near:
For no sin else, among the Saints,
Is taught so tenderly against.'
'What made thee break thy plighted vows?'—
'That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.'
Quoth he, 'I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.'
Quoth he, "If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.'

'Tis true,' quoth he, 'we ne'er come there,
Because we have let 'em out by th' year.'
'Truly,' quoth he, 'you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with the' angels of us men.'
Quoth he, 'I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.—
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?'—'A livelihood.'
'What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?'—'Great gains.'
'What's tender conscience?'—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than the' epidemical'st plague-sore.'
'What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?'—'To be paid.'
'What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?'—'A good living.'
'What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause?'—'Administ'rings.'
'What makes all doctrines plain and clear?'—
'About two hundred pounds a-year.'
'And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?'—'Two hundred more.'
'What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?'—'Food and clothes.'
'What laws and freedom, persecution?'—
'Being out of power, and contribution.'

'What makes a church a den of thieves?'—
'A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.'
'And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?'—'Our own.'
'What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And wicked, too, cry out against?'—
''Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For Saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed?
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.'
'What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?'—
''Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce
To the' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.'
'It is enough,' quoth he, 'for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nic Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' world for holiness.'—
This said, the Furies and the light,
In the' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Denied his bones that soft repose,
Lay still, expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: 'Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
By sauntering still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still thou 'ast had the worse on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat:
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art denied to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.'

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling sprite
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on:—
'This 'tis to' engage with Dogs and Bears,
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory:'—
(Thought he, 'This devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies')
'Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away:'—
('I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done')
'And now, but venturing to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.'
Thought he, 'How does the devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand,
And now would pass for Spirit Po [9],
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.'
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cried out, 'What art?'—
'A wretch,' quoth he, 'whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.'
'I do believe thee,' quoth the Knight,
'Thus far I'm sure thou 'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in the' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug-Robin [10],
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,

[9] Tom Po is said to have been an expression commonly used for a ghost.

[10] Robin Goodfellow was a notorious spirit.

To' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.'
' Sir,' quoth the Voice, ' ye 're no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' the' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you;
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contést,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.'
Quoth he, ' That may be said as true
By the' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers [11] in a rope:
And if ye 'ave been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What the' ill-affected say of you;
Ye 'ave spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.'

[11] In Holland a master of a ship is called a Skipper.

'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took the Covenant;
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other perjuries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't:
And that's the reason Cov'nantérs
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.'
'I see,' quoth Hudibras, 'from whence
These scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects,
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.'
'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'that may as true
And properly be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to;
You who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But must have armies rais'd to back
The Gospel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge-tools
Were the' only engines to save souls:
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;
Is tied up only to design,
To' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself;
And therefore where he's best possest
Acts most against his interest;
Surprises none but those who 'ave priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supplied with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition;
With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But those who're utterly unarm'd,
To' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Although his falsest enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but gaolers of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up souls;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
To' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never boggle to restore
The members you deliver o'er
Upon demand, with fairer justice,
Than all your covenanting Trustees;

Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate, in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication;
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.'
Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he' has us in his cloven hoof.'
'Tis true,' quoth he, 'that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours;
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay;
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown;
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther:
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all Dissenters of mankind.'
'Right,' quoth the voice, 'and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress.

And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.'
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find the' enchanted hero out,
And tried with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels[12];
But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in to' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge;
The Spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
Upon the vehicle, his back,
And bore him headlong into the' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where finding out the postern lock'd,
And the' avenues as strongly block'd,
He' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Through which he drag'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by the' head and shoulders,

[12] A scheme of a cart with legs that moved instead of wheels, was brought before the Royal Society, March 4, 1662-3.

And cautiously began to scout,
To find their fellow-cattle out:
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Tied to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how!
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night, too, steal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright;
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
And in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spur'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck:
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

PART III. CANTO II[1].

ARGUMENT.

The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys,
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in the effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze[2]
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh, that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed:
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout

[1] This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The Poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament.

[2] Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some opine are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but Butler raises them from the cow.

Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own.
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable to' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Nor interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 'ave none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly' appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;

Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every Brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man, and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on,

And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As the' Utter-barrister of Swanswick [3];
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sandbags [4] did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctified Trustees;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd to' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down [5],
And make those uses serve again
Against the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And, with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.

[3] Prynne was born at Swanswick, and used to style himself Utter-barrister; which seems to imply a champion as well as advocate. *See Mincheu in voc.*

[4] A combat in a legal way, by knights and gentlemen, was fought with sword and lance; by yeomen, with sandbags fastened to the end of a truncheon.

[5] The Independents urged the very same doctrines against the Presbyterians, which the latter had urged against the Bishops.

The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse,
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder [6])

[6] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon in print, entitled *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon* Rom. xiii. 1, in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: 'Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin.'

'But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether, by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers?* Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, "Let every soul be subject to the *higher power*," if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one: he bids us "be subject to the higher *powers*," that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army.' Ib. p. 3.

Ib. Sir Roger L'Estrange observes upon the pretended saints of those times, That they did not set one step, in the

No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines, of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the war against
The common enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
To' attack themselves as th' had before.
For now there was no foe in arms
To' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home;
Who 'ad compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all they 'ad ransackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the Government;
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but to' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are to' a sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest;

whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and, going up to inquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days.

And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts;
To' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law:
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
They' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated:
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rallied in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;

Convcn'd at midnight in outhouses,
To' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinacy' unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started,
And as if Nature, too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
To' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were supprest;
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former tried experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling [7],
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,

[7] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are several remarkable instances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Capt. Reynolds, (who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, 'God bless King Charles; *Vive le Roy;*') of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it; and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called *seditious* books and pamphlets.

From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'alty in possession;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
  Toss'd in a furious hurricane
Did Oliver [8] give up his reign,
And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry [9],
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for the' apocryphal
False Heaven, at the end o' th' Hall [10];
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious relics to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
By' as orthodox a senator,

[8] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

[9] Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, who when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, 'That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time.' *Serm.* Vol. I. p. 102.

[10] After the Restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the further end of Westminster Hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent [11],
Who first laid by the Parl'ament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state
That rode him above horseman's weight.
And now the Saints began their reign [12],
For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd from the' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law [13],

[11] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

[12] A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon reports) 'was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years.'

[13] Dr. James Young observes, 'That two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, *anno* 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfal of both; and, in 1654, they foretold that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the Great Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times; that the crab tree of the law

And free to' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's [14] old outgoings,
Who for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type, by Providence,
Of all their revelations since,
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures:
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle,
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than the' unsanctified;
While every individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crack't,
Were found the busiest to transact:
For though most hands dispatch apace
And make light work, (the proverb says)
Yet many different intellects
Are found to have contrary effects;
And many heads to' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.
  Some were for setting up a king;
But all the rest for no such thing [15],

should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them.'

[14] John Buckold, Budd, or Bokelson, an anabaptist tailor of Leyden, and mock-king of Munster, was hung upon the highest tower of the city, called St. Lambert's, with two of his rebel associates.

[15] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate, *Whether a King, or no King*, said, 'That if they must have a King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England. He found no fault with his person, but office.'

Unless King Jesus [16]: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert [17];
Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety [18];

[16] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesu.

[17] Fleetwood was a Lieutenant-general, he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper-house; his salary supposed to be 6600*l.* a year.—Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70*l. per annum;* some say a ploughman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says: 'When your Lordship was a ploughman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others.'—Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper-house. His annual income was 3236*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Ib. Lambert was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament so called,* 1657, p. 9, observes, 'That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had 1,000*l. per annum;* which, with his other places, in all amounted to 6512*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*'

[18] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers;* and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers: these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience.

Ib. The Committee of Safety was a set of men who took upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump a second time: their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted) yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

Some for the Gospel, and massacres
Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' the' Covenant:
Others for pulling down the' high places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And the' extirpation of the' Excise;
And some against the' Egyptian bondage [19]
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for Gospel-ministers,
And some for redcoat seculars,
As men most fit to' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and t'other sword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk;
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisade of Surplices [20],
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to the' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Gospel-light:

[19] There was an ordinance to abolish festivals throughout England and Wales. Die Martis, 8 Junii, 1647.

[20] When soldiers in a night-expedition put their shirts over their armour, in order to be distinguished, it was called a Camisade.

Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which the' unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb;
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still:
Some were for the' utter extirpation
Of Linsey-woolsey in the nation:
And some against all idolising
The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising:
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or sirname of Saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce [21]:
Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals [22]:
Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches [23],
While others were for eating Haunches

[21] Churches, parishes, and even the apostles were *unsainted* in the mayoralty of Alderman Pennington, and continued so till 1660. The mayor of Colchester banished one of that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643 whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

[22] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, when governor of Newcastle, without any public authority, laid a tax of 4*s*. a chaldron upon coals, which was estimated at 50.000*l*. a year.

[23] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; nay, it was debated at a council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes.

Of warriors, and, now and then,
The Flesh of kings and mighty men;
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of iron, by secret ones:
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afeard of.
The quacks of government (who sate
At the' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'd scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation,
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician [24]
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the Whores of Babylon;

[24] This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, who complied with every change in those times. See his character in Wood's Athenæ, Dryden's Achitophel, and Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors.

So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
He 'ad seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one;
Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
But barbarous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd to' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of every state,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incur'd,
Instead of hemp, to be prefer'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand,

For when he 'ad got himself a name,
For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd to' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground;
As the' earth is easiest undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners, in a state,
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a show'r of rain:
He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could, to' insure his throat,
And hither came, to' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took,
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself[25], and hang the rest.

[25] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558:

To match this Saint there was another [26],
As busy and perverse a Brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state-affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi' Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn [27],
Could render half a grain less stubborn;

he, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that *he* was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, 'I am not the miller, but the miller's man.' The Provost told him, 'That he would take him at his word: if,' says he, 'thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel;—and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him:' and without more ceremony, he was executed.

[26] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, 'That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn.'

[27] Alluding to the cavalcade of city-sheriffs, &c. when malefactors passed through Holborn in their way to the place of execution at Tyburn.

For he at any time would hang,
For the' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer [28],
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy;
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults,
And back'd their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest;
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
To' espouse the Cause for better or worse,

[28] To picqueer seems to skirmish, as the picquet or advanced guard does, before a main army.

And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body worship'd it:
But when he found the sullen trapes
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
To' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer:
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by the' allay:
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
These two, with others, being met [29],
And close in consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state
Than with his own impatience
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.
Quoth he, 'There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead;

[29] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London.

Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others;
But in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before;
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church;
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd [30],
What answer was to be return'd:
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through
And understand as well to tame
As, when they serve our turns, to' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child,

[30] Alluding to the shameless impiety of those pretended saints, who frequently directed the Almighty what answers he should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called the *God-Challenger*.

But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion;
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges [31],
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levied in the City,
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee:
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves [32],
Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit to' old iron, and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need:
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down
For pledges, to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their ears
To' appease our jealousies and fears:
And yet for all these providences
We're offer'd, if we have our senses,

[31] To fight with rusty or poisoned weapons, was against the law of arms: so when the citizens used the former, they chalked the edges.

[32] Gleaves or glaves, are swords or falchions.

We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets;
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away:
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit;
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, despair:
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd;
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, men;

And not so dully desperate,
To side against ourselves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And setting up exempts [33] of Saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for Independent,
To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state;
Disdain the pedantry o' the' latter:
And since "obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,"
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd to' account or quest'on:
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctified expressions;

[33] The exempt is a life-guard, free from duty. The term is still retained among the yeomanry of the King's guard.

Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity, on those that want;
And learn'd the' apocryphal bigots
To' inspire themselves with short-hand notes,
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases [34]?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield [35];
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been sainted as they are;
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In the' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the power of sacrilege [36]:
And though they 'ave tricks to cast their sins,
As easy' as serpents do their skins,

[34] Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

[35] He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Coveuanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 400*l*. though, when printed, the price was but threepence.

[36] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible, they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the most refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow miscreants
As barnacles turn soland geese [37]
In the' islands of the Orcades.
Their Dispensation's but a ticket
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom the greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, than sense:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerberus! wears three heads as well;
And if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated sots
In fever still, like other goats;
For though the Whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
The' hotter they are they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their sp'ritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of Dependences;

[37] According to vulgar tradition, there are trees in the Orcades of Scotland, which bear barnacles that become Soland geese.

Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloodybones;
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs [38],
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience.
Or zealous suffering for the Cause,
To gain one groat's-worth of applause;
For, though endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by the' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold,

[38] These were two opposite factions in Italy that engaged against each other in the thirteenth century; one on the side of the Emperor, the other of the Pope.

And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hopes
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while?
At least until they 'd a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies?
'This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up to' as reprobate a nonsense
As sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only' of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials
Of their incroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our interests and commands
Perfidiously, out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of Father Belial:
And yet for all the' inhuman wrong,
They 'ad done us, and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still, as we had begun;

But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps
Our ears, for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our vessels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cause, against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men;
Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same:
And till they first began to cant [39],
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy,
Although 'twas ours, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon:
And yet for all this Gospel-union,
And outward show of Church-communion,
They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of ruling church or state affairs,

[39] From Andrew Cant and his son Alexander, seditious preaching and praying in Scotland was called *Canting*.

Nor give us leave to' absolve, or sentence
To' our own conditions of repentance,
But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
We had so painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
To' have calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we 'ave done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend to' a share,
At least, in carrying on the' affair:
But whether that be so or not,
We 'ave done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if we 'ad don't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For if it be but half denied,
'Tis half as good as justified.
The world is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong;

As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles;
And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desperate than their first accesses,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part:
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;
Trepan'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we, now we 're better verst?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our Discipline;
To which it was reveal'd long since
We were ordain'd by Providence,
When three Saints' ears, our predecessors [40],
The Cause's primitive confessors,

[40] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, three notorious ringleaders of faction, at the beginning of the Rebellion.

B'ing crucified, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by six, express'd
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this Work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What Churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their warehouses;
Who, when the Cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;
And daily' increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Usury:
Can fetch in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From the' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribbons, down
To all blue aprons in the Town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With coronets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better tied
With oaths and trade, than any side;

Has one considerable improvement
To double fortify the Cov'nant;
I mean our Cov'nant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions:
Our best reserve for Reformation,
When new Outgoings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) to' assert;
And when they 've pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try the' expedient:
Who can already muster friends
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-folly congregation [41];
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
To' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
And order matters underhand,
To put all business to a stand;
Lay public bills aside, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament;

[41] L'Estrange observes, that a meeting-house was built by one Fisher, a shoemaker, which at the Restoration was pulled down by some of the loyalists; and then lying useless, it was called *Fisher's Folly*.

Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year[42], but finish none,
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal[43],
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to the' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, the' only scope
And consolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No;*
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost,

[42] Plato's year amounted to four thousand of our years, and formed the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world.

[43] Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered the King, (becoming then but the Rump, or fag-end of a House) and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell; restored after Richard was ousted, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command: and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Lenthal*, in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of *A Tale of a Tub.*

Unless our ancient virtuosis,
That found it out, get in to the' Houses.
'These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or Crook [44],
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Besides, the herds of Boutefeus
We set on work without the House,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearse:
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What t' other party's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions
Of proper slanders and seditions,

[44] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*

And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit;
Wit falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays;
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling to be seen:
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:
For charlatans can do no good
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid to' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they keep their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood we 'ave let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again:
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy to' our principles
In time will wear out all things else;
Like marble statues, rub'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;

While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long [45]
Before from world to world they swung;
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changelings liv'd, they died.'
'This said, th' impatient Statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to show his piques
Against the' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he' d administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd the' inside of his skull,
Instead of the' outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look
On the' adversary, and thus he spoke:
'In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
To' as point blank nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid:

[45] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, 'That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the way!'

Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score:
A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dress'd with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good-nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
'Those who have tried them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
The' arrears of all your services,
And, for the' eternal obligation
You laid upon the' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd so' unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward
For letting rapine loose, and murder,
To rage just so far, but no further,
And setting all the land on fire,
To burn to' a scantling, but no higher;
For venturing to assassinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be' allow'd the fittest men
To take the Charge of both again:
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarried,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepan'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand;

As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our ignorance was flam'd,
To damn ourselves, to' avoid being damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before [46],
And nick'd them on the self-same score)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lie,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators;
For which ingeniously ye 'ave shew'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide
And scruple on the other side,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies:

[46] Alluding to the case of Mr. Prynne, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings. Hence Milton, in one of his miscellaneous poems, says—

'Crop ye as close as marginal Prynne's ears.'

And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and false,
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Testament [47],
To serve the New for precedent;
To 'amend its errors and defects
With murder and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford [48].

[47] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment; who printed it, *Thou* shalt *commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commission Court.

[48] It was one of the artifices of the malecontents in the Civil war, to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular, they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and men-

While women, great with child, miscarried,
For being to Malignants married:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz [49];
And rather forfeit their indentures
Than not espouse the Saints' adventures;
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Enchant the King's and Church's lands,
To' obey and follow your commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcy-hill had done of old [50];
Could turn the Cov'nant, and translate
The Gospel into spoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open the' intricatest places;
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;

tions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: 'I was once arraigned,' says he, 'before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster Hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers.' To render him the more odious and detestable, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite that he would eat children: yet Colonel Lunsford was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

[49] See the Book of Judges, chap. v.

[50] See Camden's Britannia and Stow's Chronicle.

Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.
'And yet, in spite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit,
By whom you 'ave been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
Of all your Dispensations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of the' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
Like better bowlers, in your places:
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on the' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision;
That is, because you never durst:
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your possé of the rabble:
One single redcoat sentinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,

And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers;
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of Outgoings;
Or to your ordering Providence,
One farthing's-worth of consequence.
' For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man;
There's nothing else that intervenes
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
To' advance the' interests of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own!
' 'Tis true you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense
And sanctified impertinence;
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model;
Oblig'd the State to talk about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
To' your great Croysado-General:
Your greedy slavering to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r;

That sprung the game you were to set,
Before he 'ad time to draw the net;
Your spite to see the Church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the Town;
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor the' Independents, spreading growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots [51];
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) the' affair;
Else frogs and toads that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
And flies and mange, that set them free
From taskmasters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit:
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?

[51] Sealed knots were secret clu

As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
'But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't,
Where Henderson [52], and the' other Masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers [53]:
As if the' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools,
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter:
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,

[52] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk.

[53] Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses*, (as Mas is an abridgment of Master) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems, (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small *objections*, and subjoin their own pitiful *solutions*. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol*. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Sollers*.

They did not mean he wrought the' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson [54];
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on;
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation-termagants?
But ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
To' inclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the' untimely sophists out.
'Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness:
When from a scoundrel holder-forth [55],
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,

[54] Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted, for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword.

Ib. Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

[55] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty; and said, among other things, that 'no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood.'

Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
The' espousers of your cause and monies [56],
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends;
You basely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay
With double interest, and betray.
'Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,

[56] The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts making in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*

Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
' For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
' And so we may, if we 'ave but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we're sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
' I grant all curses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
(The only way that's left us now)
But all the difficulty's how.
'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;

Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
To' expose to sale, beside the wages,
Of storing plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn to' account
If we are brought in play upon't;
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And by the' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choust,
Who see but the' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights,
And, while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is't to serve for agents
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And present power from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;

Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns,
The only way to' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began to' espouse;
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only' among themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stickle
From Conclave down to Conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit:

Protect their emissaries, impower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the labourers for the Cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack;
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking, or maintaining law:
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal to' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches;
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
'Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For if success could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants [57];
A scandle that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,

[57] The author of the 'Fourth Part of the History of Independency,' compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*.

And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the Crown;
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide:
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind;
Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
To' improve the factory of sects:
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of the' Ephesians;
Whence turning of religion's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.

Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve to' improve a Church, as zeal;
As persecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
' Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do't:
But when the feat's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar the' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
' All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State;
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)

Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For the' easy credulous to disperse.'
Thus far the Statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits[58]:—
'That beastly rabble[59]—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door,
Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages:
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,

[58] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell.

[59] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

And every representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grillied all at Temple-Bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun [60].
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again [61]:
(For since the State has made a quint
Of Generals [62], he's listed in't)

[60] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

[61] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6,500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

[62] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

This worthy (as the world will say)
Is paid in specie, his own way;
For moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin [63]
A crop'd malignant baker gave 'em;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They'ave roasted Cook [64] already', and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.
' But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly' appears;
For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These sp'ritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heav'n by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels,

[63] Bavin is a faggot.

[64] Cook acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea also, in case the king had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee: but he suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in the' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites [65],
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
' Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few,
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus [66],
Found out this mystic way to jeer us:
For as the' Egyptians us'd by bees
To' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails,
But when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.
' For as, in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all,
So in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,

[65] Sambenite is a coat of coarse cloth, which penitents wear among the Romanists, and those condemned by the Spanish Inquisition when they go to execution.

[66] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump, is
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shows how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head;
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
'The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All the' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art,
Os sacrum justly style that part:
Than what can better represent,
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,
That after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
'But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;

Condemn'd to' ungoverning distress,
And paltry, private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parted, like the body' and soul,
From all dominion and control.
'We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valèt;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats,
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly;
For ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual gaol [67],

[67] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed *in terrorem*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not be executed against them? They severally alleged, 'That,

And bless the devil, to let them farms
Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.'
This said, a near and louder shout
Put all the' assembly to the rout [68],
Who now begun to' outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast,
And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,

upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did surrender themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c.' And Harry Martyn briskly added, 'That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now.' A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt; so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

[68] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-Bar; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

But borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot:
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As the' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
(As lesser pains are by the gout)
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

PART III. CANTO III[1].

ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit the' enchanted bow'r by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit,
To' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect-weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in the' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.

[1] Our Poet now resumes his principal subject: and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is,—because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem: this respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader; who is now arrived at the third day, since the opening of the poem.

For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard to' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear,
That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To the' course of Nature, but its own,
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment [2],
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and recued with a cheat,
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;

[2] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesy.
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear:
And though with kicks and bangs he plied
The further and the nearer side;
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney sails more swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began to' appear,
And shift to' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard to' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had to' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the' approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
To' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her;
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd;
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
To' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
'What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy Independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?'—
'Alas!' quoth he, 'I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,

But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who 'as drag'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
And from the' enchantments of a Widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.'
'That's stranger,' quoth the Knight, 'and stranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger?'
Quoth he, 'The' infernal conjurer
Pursued, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out,
Where I, in hugger-mugger, hid,
Have noted all they said or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
To' avoid a fiercer second fight.'
'But didst thou see no devils then?'—
'Not one' quoth he, 'but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezabel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd, with derision,
To see them take your deposition.'
'What then,' quoth Hudibras, 'was he
That play'd the dev'l to' examine me?'
'A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;

Denied your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre [3];
All which they take in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.'
'What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?'
Quoth he, 'I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.'
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd the' advantage of the day,

[3] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered in this place by Mr. Butler: for he abjured Episcopacy, and signed the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes in his Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his 'Episcopacy by Divine Right,' &c. 1640.

And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back:
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
To' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd,
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd, like a football, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, 'It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base:
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To slight my new acquests and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;
And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;

Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might the' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.'
' All this,' quoth Ralph, ' I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by the' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjuries;
Who, though the' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain;
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescued your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualified for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight;
Which, though as desperate in the' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
' But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest;

And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem to' amuse our foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive;
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest;
That spares the' expense of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If the' ancients crown'd their bravest men
That only sav'd a citizen;
What victory could e'er be won,
If every one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' the' victory;

And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome:
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
And though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum;*
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For those who run from the' enemy
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race:
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
Whom the' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;

Or else their sultan populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;
Although the rabble sous'd them for't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor tied to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' the expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those achieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
And feats of arms to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory' or forage:
For if they fight 'tis but by chance,
When one side venturing to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully' i' th' rear,

And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground to' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part the' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only' encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As the' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally [4].
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving
Who longest can hold out at starving;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So the' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirasiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up,

[4] Meaning the Dutch, who seemed to favour the Parliamentarians.

And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.'
Quoth Ralph, ' By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her;
Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and side.
But since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
By such addresses to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course so' infeasible,
As this of force, to win the Jezabel;
To storm her heart, by the' antique charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather strive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand or seal, or breaking gold,
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,

And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that (unless I miss the matter)
Is all the business you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution,
With less disorder and confusion;
Has more of honour in't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old.
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather;
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen:
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And whatsoe'er's achiev'd in fight
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be tried there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to, ere ye've done.
'The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover
A lady, that's as false, recover;
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

'For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages,
Who, though their business at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest
To' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Commonwealth, the Cause, and side;
And though we're all as near of kindred
As the' outward man is to the inward,
We' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense
Than to' argue at their own expense,
To make the best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no interest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
They 'ave no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert,
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes to' abound.

Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist and Paracelsian [5],
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;
And heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
'But lawyers are too wise a nation
To' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats,
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
'For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies,
They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,

[5] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born the latter end of the fifteenth, and lived almost to the middle of the sixteenth century.

And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.'
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse)
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon
The resolution as his own.
Quoth he, 'This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but the' expense;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;
And if she should, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:

And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But since I have no other course,
But is as bad to' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him;
For I've receiv'd advertisement,
By times enough, of his intent:
And knowing he that first complains
The' advantage of the business gains;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear
Is freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way to' encounter or surprise,

And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit the' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor and justice too.'
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case:
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whip'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords;
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With the' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;

The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine,
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees;
But was implacable and aukward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
  To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As the' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.
  Quoth he, ' There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd'—' Very well.'
' And now he brags to 'ave beaten me;'—
' Better, and better still,' quoth he;
' And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me'—' Best of all.'

'Tis true the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him'—'Well done, in troth.'
'When he 'as confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again'—'Marry, hang him.'
'Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?'—'I understand.'
'Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?'—'Ah! whoreson.'
'Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?'—'Right.'
'Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?'—'True.'
'Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the' action?'—'Better still.'
'Then there's a lady, too.'—'Aye, marry.'
'That's easily prov'd accessary;
A Widow, who by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse;
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.'—'Good Lord!'
'Suborn'd the' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell,
Who put me into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life'—'Make that appear.'
'Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body'—'Good again.'
'And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle'—'Worse and worse.'

'And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
To' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.'
'Sir,' quoth the lawyer, 'not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they' ave us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy!
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And if I durst I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking business off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.'

'I thank you,' quoth the Knight, 'for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat'—
'For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Convey men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus;*
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius.*
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The business to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By the' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or talés,
Although retain'd in the' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.'
'For that,' quoth he, 'let me alone;
We 'ave store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.'
'That's well,' quoth he, 'but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,

Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey [6] for a water-witch:
And when ye 'ave hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 'ave time enough to deal with her.
In the' interim, spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains to' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to intrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye.
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' the' temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-leg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit men ne'er fail
To' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,

[6] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art.

Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls;
And when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.'
' I would not give,' quoth Hudibras,
' A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 'ave earn'd, (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid.'—
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

'I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle:
For since I am denied access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to 'ave won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
'Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much ye 'ave wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:

Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney-perjurers:
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd to 'ave don't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
(For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honour:)
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day;
And make the' exposing and retailing
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.
'It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he naturally abhor'd
The' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish the' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by the' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be crop'd or torn.

And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine;
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by't.
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This y' 'ave acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
To' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And where the sense by custom's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not be' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's;
And not be tied to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,

Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For love's the only trade that's driven,
The interest of state in Heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address, and compliment, by vision;
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heaven itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for the' offence's sake?

Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to the' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great to' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so' unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder:
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And, when your sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;

And, after all, to be debar'd
So much as standing on his guard;
When horses, being spur'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
'Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
Be' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems to' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
To' intrap the' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard [1];

[1] Nye was a leading independent preacher, and one of the assembly of divines; had the living of Acton, near London, and was very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

Prepost'rously to' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
'A lover is, the more he's brave,
To' his mistress but the more a slave;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's oblig'd to' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
To' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will,
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess'd,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they're under force:
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What the' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure

To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on the' adventure went:
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what romance can show a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to hon'rable in time.
'To what a height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely married where they pleas'd,
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
Nor, in the mind they were in, died;
Nor took the pains to' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade, to woo:
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about settlements;
Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In the' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony [2], or death parts;
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,

[2] Alimony is an allowance that the law gives a woman for separate maintenance, upon living from her husband.

But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies,—downright force;
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues;
And when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit or treaty, to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
'For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better' or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should every savage beast
Exceed his great Lord's interest?

Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to repel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good;
And not, like sots, permit their wives
To' incroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery:
And this some precious Gifted Teachers,
Unreverently reputed Leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond the' instructions of my love.
  ' Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
The' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to show
Excess of love and temper too;
All I have said that's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul,

That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
Both with an equal pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest:
But none like him, who's destin'd either
To have or lose you both together;
And if you'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate, upon my skin,
The' arrears in full of all my sin:
For 'tis but just that I should pay
The' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.'
  The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause, to' himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
'Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:'
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoaking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—'I burn, and weep,'
And near it—'For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present:'
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how to' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter:
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

'That you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me; who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin[1] you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon:
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
The' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on hon'rable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove to' evade
The oaths you had in prison made;

[1] Replevin is the releasing of cattle or goods distrained, with surety to answer the distrainer's suit.

Forswore yourself, and first denied it,
But after own'd, and justified it,
And when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow,
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is the' only course:
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware:
These are the motives which, to' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting;
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity, at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,
Or forfeitures which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The mystery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,

But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on your lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects:
Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear,
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' the' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstasy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from the' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
'These are the' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;

To these they' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and to hold, and to enjoy;
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand [2],
Still fall to the' owner of the land;
And, where there's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
'But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence, 'tis you have no way to' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, a philtre-love commands?

[2] Any thing given or forfeited, for the pacification of divine wrath.

'This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tip'd with gold.
And though some say, the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride;
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo and contract in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money,
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And when they 're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done;
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow;

Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery;
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less:
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the' last;
And when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take, upon their death, a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
To' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
So slight as to be justified,
By being as shamefully denied;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost
By' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con;*
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny:

Although you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins[3],
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
'And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight;
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces;
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit.
For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a present to be given.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;

[3] Covin is a deceitful agreement between two or more, to the injury of some other.

Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has confer'd;
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely' usurp'd, or vainly lost,
Is now our right; to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,

Force you our managements to' obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
To' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit and own yourselves our slaves;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you, and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second-hand:
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Prester John [4],
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise,
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
We' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's [5] braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

[4] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

[5] Joan of Arc, called also *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Or-*

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable [6].
'We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To the' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.

leans. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc and Isabella Romee; was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *fleur de lis* were engraven, which put the King in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it: upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

[6] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commérce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct vail,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us;
That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
'We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please;
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valèts, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd,
And scorn to' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits to' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when y 'ave try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you' in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity to' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are prepost'rous;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.

'And these are all the mighty pow'rs
You vainly boast to cry down ours;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Because yourselves are terrified,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit:
By your example, lose that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men usurp the' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women[7].'

[7] We see after all, (says Mr. Byron) that the Widow was too cunning to be entrapped either by the threats or entreaties of the Knight's Epistle. All his hypocritical pretences being thus disappointed, we may conjecture that he deemed them unavailable; as we hear nothing further concerning them.

END OF VOL. II.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

MALLET.

In glided Margret's grimly Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

William & Margaret.

Painted by [illegible] R.A.

Engraved by P. W. Tomkins

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DAVID MALLET.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
Union Buildings, Leather Lane;
FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK-HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.

1805.

CONTENTS.

Page

Dedication to Lord Mansfield..... 5
——— to the Duke of Marlborough..... 7
Amyntor and Theodora; or, the Hermit..... 9
William and Margaret..... 56
Edwin and Emma..... 58
The Excursion, in two Cantos..... 64

MISCELLANIES.

Verses presented to the Prince of Orange in 1734..... 95
——— on Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen..... 96
A Fragment..... 98
Cupid and Hymen; or, the Wedding Day..... 101
Truth in Rhyme, addressed to a certain Noble Lord..... 108
The Reward..... 113
Tyburn; to the Marine Society..... 117
The Discovery..... 127
Impromptu on a Lady playing with a Child.... 129
On I —— H ——, Esq..... ib.
Inscription for a picture..... 130
Epigram on a certain Lords passion for a Singer. ib.
Simile in Prior applied to the same person.... ib.
Epigram on seeing two different Equipages.... 131
——— written at Tunbridge Wells..... ib.

Page
Verses given in print to a Beggar..... 132
A Winter's Day..... ib.
On the Death of Lady Anson..... 134
A Funeral Hymn..... 137
Epitaph on Mr. Aikman and his Son..... 138
——— on a young Lady 139

EPISTLES.

To Mr. Pope, on Verbal Criticism..... 140
To Mira. From the country..... 148
To Mr. Thomson, on his Winter..... 149

SONGS.

Song. Tune, ' Birks of Endermay'..... 152
——— Tune, ' Mary Scot'.. ..... ib.
An Ode in the Mask of Alfred 153

PROLOGUES, &c.

Prologue to The Siege of Damascus 154
——— to Thomson's Agamemnon..... 155
——— to The Mask of Britannia..... 156
Epilogue to Young's Tragedy of the Brothers. 158

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD [1],

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny, not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled: they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country; but as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage; and, in effect, we find they were the frends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not

[1] Prefixed to an edition of the Author's works, in 1759.

applied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you: but of that the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power: of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish,

may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think, and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,

Your most faithful humble servant.

Jan. 1, 1759.

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH[2].

YOUR Grace has given leave that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must, your Grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

[2] This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small Collection of his poems published in 1762.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation, and that the same extensive capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the meanwhile, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient humble servant.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

IN THREE CANTOS.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy; but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public, though to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western isles, that surround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise published near half a century ago under the title of 'A Voyage to St. Kilda.' The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent, and produce, of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole

earth: to whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs but pieces of a more elevated turn in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher; however the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, be-

lieving the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to show their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, (as in his own island there grows not a shrub) equally surprised and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; for, said he, 'it is attended with no kind of pain.'

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of Fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant signed by King Charles himself, for military

execution upon them without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second Canto as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with, the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble but happy retirement he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry, the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind;
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n preferr'd
For thee, for him, by gracious Heav'n be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine:
So through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;
Till, summon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height

Aloft to Heav'n remotest Kilda lifts,
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue, bless'd!
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword;
Where Luxury, soft syren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that sooths at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown: but calm content,
That lives to reason, ancient faith, that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union, innocence of ill
Their guardian genius; these the powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease:
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime: these light up their morn,
And close their eve in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging sound: but last and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition, shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the Heav'n-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on the' uncultur'd wild,
With independence dwells and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade,
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread, and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.
Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought, and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
The' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,
Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend,
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, imbitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd,

If this was life ; to load the blast with sighs ;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach, or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.
Such were his hours, till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each sullen spectre chase ; his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd ; as after winds
Of ruffling wing the sea subsiding slow
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To Heav'n his eye, and through the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
All-just, all-wise ; who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.
Thus in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand, and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before the' ascending sun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death : anticipating Heav'n

In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn
Still orient smiles; and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,
The' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from his breast, 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
Still suffering in his fate; 'tis for a foe
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.
The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
With florid light, his fairest month array'd;
While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flowering, betony and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's [1] spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.
But high above the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,

[1] The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*, is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 180.

The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aërial state
Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore,
By Heaven's directive spirit here to raise
Their temporary realm, and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour: the sun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,

Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aërial landscape. Here, alone,
On earth's remotest verge Aurelius breathed
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath;
When, lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep
Of sky-crown'd Appenine: the sea-pie ceas'd
At once to warble; screaming from his nest
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
From shore to sea: on came, before her hour,
Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackness round[2]: sad Ocean's face
A curling undulation shivery swept
From wave to wave; and now impetuous rose
Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd;
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main,
His eye with mountains surging to the stars,
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view

[2] See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all the' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought
That Pow'r invokes whose voice the wild winds hear,
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from Heav'n,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But, O! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For Death bestrides the billow, nor your own
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant Fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
Ah! save them, Heav'n! it bursts in deluge down
With boundless undulation: shore and sky
Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,

Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept;
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:
He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
And brooding in sad silence o'er the sight
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to Heav'n in sighs: 'Thy will be done,
Not mine, Supreme Disposer of events!
But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes: the rest submission checks.'
Not distant far, where this receding bay [3]
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple: on its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius past,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he rais'd his head,
And saw the' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth
He lay: the living lustre from his eye,
The vermeil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
Gray Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave, and close within his grasp

[3] See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
Where bold proportion and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius from the breathless clay his eye
To Heav'n, imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
He bid transport it speedy through the vale
To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic smells;
Then drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes,
While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
The rosy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on Heav'n, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
Dissolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
Distraction spoke—'Down, down with every sail!
Mercy, sweet Heav'n!—Ha! now whole ocean sweeps

In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
O for a sun to light this black abyss!
Gone—lost—for ever lost!' He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell,
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful, his ear each murmur, every breath,
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
The sacred silence due to grief supreme:
Then thus at last; 'O from devouring seas
By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,
Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe,
That Hand Divine with grateful awe confess,
With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
The' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—the' Almighty Voice
Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey; that by his mercy sav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May justify to all the sons of men,
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most——
He hears me not.
Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!

'Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched, and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel, to soothe the sad of heart,
To number tear for tear and groan for groan
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reason's paths, to happiness and Heav'n!'
The Hermit thus; and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.
'What have I heard?—On this untravell'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find, whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown!
If woes for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and Heav'n
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
From social converse though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from beauty all divine,
Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own.

In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impression? then, as passion grew,
Did Heav'n consenting to thy wish indulge
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and buried there—O, awful Heav'n!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!
O, most undone Amyntor!'—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd:
The rest was agony and dumb despair. [gloom

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror closing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt;
And thus replied, as one in nature skill'd,
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
And words to soothe not combat hopeless love.

'Amyntor, by that Heav'n who sees thy tears,
By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,
Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just!
How long in silent anguish to descend,
When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb

Are fellow-mourners! He who can resign
Has never lov'd; and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our social sighs; and still as Morn unveils
The brightening hill, or Evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
So terrible—Amyntor! thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk:—
Here break we off; and thou, sad mourner! try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep: each gracious wing from Heav'n,
Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm,
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest vision, whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares,
And to us both be friendly as we need!'

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around the' unsleeping isle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear [pall'd.
Borne through the gloom, his shrinking sense ap-
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labours in the storm;
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now another show'r
Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid
Effusive stream'd, till late, through ev'ry pow'r
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose,
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night: a pause from pain
Not long to last; for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shows. And, lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back: anon the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, [length,
Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild, and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.

Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide;
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along the' enamell'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled; thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
'O, turn! O, stay thy flight!'—so loud he cried,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around; his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still on his eye the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid the' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound;
Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood, [voice
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's
Nor owed submission to the will of Heav'n
Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himself had borne the' unhappy fair,
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore

He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold.
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while, all unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep
Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,
Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow the' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to Heav'n,
Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,
Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd:

'Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun
First drew his splendour: Source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring; O, First and Best!
Thy essence though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing, from beneath the throne,
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
The great community of Nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest, with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads to follow and be bless'd.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer:
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant, and let that will be done!'
This from the soul in silence breathed sincere,

The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown, nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began:
'O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
That fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life, [spread,
Each bliss that cheers; there on the damp earth
Beneath a heav'n unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn!
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
Its tender anguish——'
'Hear me, Heav'n,' exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, 'could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost;
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains

Forgets that he can die. O sainted Maid!
For such in Heav'n thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!'

'Such, and so dire,' replied the cordial friend
In Pity's look and language, 'such, alas!
Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth!
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

'In me a man behold whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home-found peace and love, supremely bless'd!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and Heav'n, the same!

At last, Amyntor, in my failing age
Fall'n from such height, and with the felon herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with shame!
Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd
From pow'r that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
'O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years the' oppressor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As Heav'n has thine, to pity their distress!
'Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
Be far the' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too;
Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair Freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God who gave indelible pronounc'd.

'But if, disclaiming this his Heav'n-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
And loyalty revolt from virtue's law:
For say, Amyntor! does just Heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake or volcano when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Ingulf their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to Heav'n: the arm of pow'r
Extended fatal but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

'In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk;
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life, renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death! adjudg'd; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds:
And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
Was giv'n in charge; a foe whom blood-stain'd zeal

For what—(O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n!
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst)—for what was deem'd
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute
More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthless up: as tigers on their prey
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell; nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which War itself
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'scape;
Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames;
For flame and rapine their consuming march
From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
Embodied locusts from the wing descend
On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the ripening year;
While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I,
A man, survive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn, and still detains
Beneath his roof accurs'd, that best of wives,
Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there
And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery there once more my peace of mind

Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
My hopes in Heav'n.' He said; but, O sad Muse!
Can all thy moving energy of pow'r
To shake the heart, to freeze the' arrested blood,
With words that weep and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? 'O Heav'n! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—on that fatal flood
Thy Theodora'—At these words he fell;
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins,
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from Heav'n by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable, his eye
With terror glaring wild, his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound; so stood, so look'd,
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Through all their pow'rs, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
(Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks)—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—'Me, me,' he cry'd, 'on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
My horrors end'—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm

Aurelius, though with deep dismay, and dread,
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:
'O dire attempt! whoe'er thou art, yet stay
Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man first violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair dismission hence; shall man do this,
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
Red with the sin and recent from the stain
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense;
Know what thou art, and own his hand most just
Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;
My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—
What would I ask? my Theodora's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
Good Heav'n! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myself admit
Its wild excess? Heav'n gave her to my wish;
That gift Heav'n has resum'd; righteous in both:
For both his providence be ever bless'd!'
By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
Amyntor slow-recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee the good man's hand

Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips:
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence, spoke,
Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him, till the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:
'What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!
Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond
Rolando's son; by your more sacred ties,
As to his crimes an alien to his blood;
For crimes like his——'
'Rolando's son! Just Heav'n!
Ha! here? and in my pow'r? a war of thoughts,
All terrible arising, shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
Were great revenge!—Away! revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me.' Deep-mov'd he spoke,
And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held; but as the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
Behold in sudden confluence gathering round
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew
The man unknown with each relieving aid

Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
Montano, venerable sage! whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd, and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd, to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep:
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to Heav'n, the mounted sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
His noon-tide ray: and now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze[4]; for, strange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,

[4] The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repast at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle,
All but Aurelius: he, unhappy man!
By Nature's voice solicited in vain,
Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior rising, in the might of him
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,
Again he sacrific'd to Heaven's high will
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,
The sigh soft memory prompts, the tender tear,
That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost
With mournful magic tortures and delights,
Relieves us while its sweet oppression loads,
And by admitting blunts the sting of woe.
  As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far
Amyntor slow approaching! on his front
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction sweetly sad: his noble port,

Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd,
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview; and thus the youth began:
'With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's story; then, as Justice sees,
On either hand her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him or condemn—But, oh! may I
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
By Heav'n made sacred, and by Nature's hand,
With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief: scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name;
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That Pow'r whose law is meekness, and for deeds
That outrage Heav'n belying Heav'n's command:
'Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage;
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction: yet, sustain'd

By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment, and scorn
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
What patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What reason dictates, and what Heav'n approves.
'But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
My further story clothe? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o'er the midnight shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to both,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for one;
My sole offence—if love can then offend
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.
'O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source! and then, too, seen
In milder lights; by Sorrow's shading hand
Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,

By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then
Refines to virtue; then a purer train
Of Heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its pow'rs exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!
'By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent; with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!
O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd and lost
Its flattering brightness! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye;
And love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not; love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks
Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe, [back,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Awed from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought

Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That bigot rage imbosoms, fled at once,
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
" 'Tis just," he cried; " who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care." This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and imbitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her pow'rs
Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius! O most injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe new anguish? and to grief despair——
She is no more——'
' O Providence severe!'
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cried;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief, and to the Will supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though assail'd,
Escap'd his lips. ' What! shall we from Heav'n's [grace
With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? the' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd

By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
But were they ills indeed, can fond Complaint
Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unsounded deep the buried corse
To light and life restore? Bless'd pair! farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth!
And let me call thee Son, (for, O! that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale: 'tis mine, when Heav'n afflicts,
To hearken and adore.' The patient man
Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story clos'd:
'As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—" O save my child!"
She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
Her shade receive, and with the truest tears
Affection ever wept her dust bedew'd.
'What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,
On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils

Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand
Across her parent's grave. "By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By Death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
The' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps
As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves."—I led her thence,
To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We sail'd—But, O my father! can I speak
What yet remains? yon ocean, black with storm!
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n
For me alone preferr'd; as on my arm
Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung!
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
The boldest mariners this precious charge
Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd,
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her.—That moment from the deck
A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf;

Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep
Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
To me and mine; or was Amyntor sav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come?'—Nor further voice
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supplied;
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To Heav'n uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.

The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth
Oppressive brightness round, till in soft steam,
From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.
Aurelius with his guest the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle
Her village-capital, where Health and Peace
Are tutelary gods, her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view: from scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd, and, sighing, thus began:

'Not we alone; alas! in every clime
The human race are sons of sorrow born;
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
The' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose lap,
From hence due east.' Amyntor look'd, and saw
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mould and break the' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous; those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres; while, in train behind,
Three more the' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.
'Behold!' Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
'From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn the' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep:
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals

Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watry caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wind,
Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before surmis'd, one general groan
To Heav'n ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Through these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept; yet ever and anon
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom the' inevitable siege
Of hunger must assault: but hope sustains

The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field the' autumnal year prepare[5].'
Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left,
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or sailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam that animates and cheers
All living kinds: he, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, the' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush; a scene to strike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
With darkest night, meet region for despair!
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
At distance saw, descending on the shore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown

[5] The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd him wondering; for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once to Heav'n, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;
Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—'Oh! all ye Pow'rs!'
Amyntor, startling, cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face:
'Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embodied, featur'd, it with all her charms—
And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!'
He ran, he flew; his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight—'O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Pow'r divine,
Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy!' As he spoke,
Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. 'My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul

Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!' At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom through excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now, while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! the' adventrous few,
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full-collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear:
'Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?

Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form infold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? the' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
This swimming brain; I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart
A second pang.' At this dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressive frame.

'O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its pow'rs,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought

On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
Thy godlike father lives! and, lo!—but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend!'—Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
'My father!'—'O my child!' at once they cried:
Nor more: the rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bless'd scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile,
And Heav'n, approving, look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this blissful hour; the joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran, and all the' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept;
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.
Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to Heav'n! Montano, reverend seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,

Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood;
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at the' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.
'They fly!' he cried, 'they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heav'n o'ercast!
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
Her drooping plains; while dawning rosy round
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies
Before his prow, commands the speeding gales
To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown;
Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius! man
By Heav'n belov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age, the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!'

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

'Awake!' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies
Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more [1]!.

[1] In a comedy of Fletcher, called The Knight of the Burning Pestle, old Merrythought enters, repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote, and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy, and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem, which was written many years ago. MALLET.

EDWIN AND EMMA[1].

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. SHAKSP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood:

[1] *Extract of a letter from the curate of Boxes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.*

'Worthy Sir,

'As to the affair mentioned in your's, it happened long before my time: I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows.—The family-name of the young man was Wrightson, of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably; but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year: when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.' The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her bless'd and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair;

Tuesday, and died the Sunday se'nnight after. On the last day of his illness he desired to see his mistress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late; but her daughter Hannah lay at his back to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes * inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

'I am,
'Dear Sir,
'Your's,' &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stanemore*, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!
A soul devoid of art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd,
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man!
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd,
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past,' he cried—'but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.'

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning-dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say,—
'My Edwin! live for me.'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
'He's gone!' she cried, 'and I shall see
That angel face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—'
From her white arm down sunk her head:
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE EXCURSION[1].

IN TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects, at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system and of the fixed stars.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative pow'r,
Imagination! at whose great command

[1] This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd: hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man.—
To yon expanse of plains where Truth delights,
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground,
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding through the gloom:
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
She rules the sable hour, and calls her train
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and the' incumbent hag,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumbering lies: at once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.
And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heav'n,
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam,
While shade and silence yet involve the ball:

Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world:
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues: at her approach,
The western gray of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame; the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires, and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky; the' uncolour'd stream
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines:
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realm
Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song: from each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn,
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake or cavern slumber out the day.
  Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof the good man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing: rapture in his eye
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.
  Now Industry is up: the village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil;
The labourer here with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd, and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The traveller, too, pursues his early road
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,
And all the living landscape moves around.
But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams,
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold, [hold!
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes; be-
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The king of Glory! round his head divine
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe with heavenly tinctures gay.
From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain
Half-way up Heav'n ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height.
From hence the' aërial concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain:
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess, whose solitary walks
Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisied vale;
The river's crystal, and the meadow's green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse,
Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest Heav'n, her thought; to Nature's GOD,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through Heav'n and earth
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss:
Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day:
Obedient to his nod, alternate Night
Obscures the world: the Seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
While reason thus and rapture fill the heart,
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend,
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her pow'rs
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
Which Vice ne'er knew! health of the' enliven'd soul,
And Heav'n on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.
Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now the' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,

Sick Nature pants; and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a ruffling tempest nigh.
And see, exhaling from the' Atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters! distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud,
Then rolling dust along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.
Lo! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand,
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve
Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world; the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil; and, lo! at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore, resound:
Horror sits shuddering in the felon breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears,
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom.
Hark! through the' aërial vault the storm, inflam'd,
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst;
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd:
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires; surpris'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to Heav'n,
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Pow'r divine!
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,
Thy hand though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists

Fast-rising to his ray, till every flow'r
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.
At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger, till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to Heav'n: on either hand
The woodlands warble, and the vallies low.
So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore:
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams; part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure; part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists; till late, the sun
From human eye behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, the' aërial landscape fades.
Distinction fails, and in the darkening west
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now the' illusive flame, oft seen at eve
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky
Onward she comes with silent step and slow,

In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on Heav'n.
  Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all arous'd.—Far on the left
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt; and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters; white on every cliff [gloom.
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the
  Behind me rises huge a reverend pile
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells:
Brooding o'er sightless sculls and crumbling bones
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare
(Sad trophies of his pow'r, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column gray with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
Whose monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western ray through yonder aisle,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.
  Hail, midnight shades! hail, venerable dome!

By age more venerable; sacred shore,
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm sound night of those who rest below:
The weary are at peace; the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here:
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears the' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of pow'r,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever lost!
  But, at near distance on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd
And fair inscription, where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrsis—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
Lamented shade! whom every gift of Heav'n
Profusely bless'd; all learning was his own;
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear:
His manners greatly plain: a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright:
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected; sympathizing, he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.
  'Tis morning, and the sun his welcome light

Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heav'n-born beauty: o'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors! here amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides the' ungenial pow'r,
For ever silent, shivering and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the streights surmis'd
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo! hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, ascend,
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable, rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds:
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd!
  Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue Sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies
Where Desolation keeps his empty court:
No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass, is found; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising gray.

A land of fears! where visionary forms
Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and sorcerer unbless'd
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave; and now,
Late at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heav'n with haggard gaze,
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.
From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations! in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to Heav'n.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,
Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend; and where,
To farthest point of west, Columbus late
Through untried oceans borne to shores unknown

Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile, world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
Lavish of flowers and fragrance, where soft Spring,
Lord of the year! indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.
  In these bless'd plains a spacious city spreads
Her round extent magnificent, and seems
The seat of empire: dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze, her towery structures shine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure: yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.
  A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages, in their subterranean bed, [steams,
Ferments the' approaching tempest. Vapoury
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,

Their deadly breath apply. The' enkindled mass,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, disploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes;
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare, while from beneath
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.
Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around,
A moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo! crowds on crowds, in hurried stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,
This, that way, burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave, while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea:
Ruin ensues; towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to Heav'n, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!
Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs pro-
found,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to Heav'n rais'd high, imploring aid,
Prone to the' abyss descend, and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her pondrous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more; part on the wafting wave,
Borne through the darkness of the' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood,
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shuddering band; distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless; they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life:
For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Fails undermin'd—Down, down the' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,
In one wild havock crash'd, with burst beyond
Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!
How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of Heav'n! At once o'erthrown
White age and youth, the guilty and the just;
O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall!
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges the' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!
The country mourns around with alter'd look:
Fields where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales

Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die:
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough encumbrance, or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
  Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,
Steam'd from the' abyss, fly secret overhead,
Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks;
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd:
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth; here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing rapt,
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
  A while the fiery spirit in its cell,
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills
His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way
Up through the' unsounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,

With raving violence: and now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'erswelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange,
With refluent wave retreating leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Mean-time, behold!
Yon neighbouring mountain rising bleak and bare,
Its double top in sterile ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near;
Storehouse of Fate! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke;
Now wavering loose in air, now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the sun!
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth, where Uproar reigns:
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air:
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook;
Again with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,

Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.
But see! in second pangs the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk,
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the' explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heav'n.
Thus all day long; and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood: a dreadful pause ensues,
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene: suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold! from far,
Imploring Heav'n with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled city stands, each sadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears; and, hark! once more
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once disploded, in one bursting peal

Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd:
Meanwhile the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide: the labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night to yonder plain:
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sovereign Maker! first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole; at whose command,
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways;
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd!

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating Pow'r
On earth, but chief on high through Heav'n display'd,
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty divine: refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord!
To those bright climes, awakening all her pow'rs,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
Ascending soars on through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole the' aërial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, the' ethereal sphere
Receding flies approach, its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene:
Glorious expansion! by the' Almighty spread!—
Whose limits who hath seen? or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visited the host of Heav'n around?
Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how small
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.
But here unruffled Calm her even reign

Maintains external; here the lord of day,
The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source [streams
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain Orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What pow'r is that which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame? in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the Majesty of Heav'n,
Brightness original! all-bounteous king!
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day; whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face

Turns thitherward opaque; a space they brood
In congregated clouds, then breaking float
To all sides round: dilated some and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast, till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd, measuring thus the time
That round its axle whirls the radiant Orb.
  Fairest of beings! first-created Light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw!
In thy pure shine with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes and motions; those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.
  Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise, as through the zodiac roll'd;
Full in the middle path oblique she winds

Her annual orb; and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer daylight, whose attractive pow'r
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.
Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun;
About him round four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These in the' horizon slow ascending climb
The steep of heav'n, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this the sage who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd the rapid progress finds
Of light itself; how swift the headlong ray [space,
Shoots from the sun's height through unbounded
At once enlightening air, and earth, and Heav'n.
Last utmost Saturn walks his frontier round,
The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons
Faint-glimmering through the darkness Night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn;
An endless desert, where extreme of cold

Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the sight
Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from the' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height, and at the' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off, till through the lucid round
In distant view the' illumin'd skies are seen.
Beauteous appearance! by the' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great universal Ruler! earth and Heav'n
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates; as at first thy hand
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating; now with quicken'd pace
Descending toward the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid pow'r infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race, whose towering thought,
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes, the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.——
But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of Heav'n,
Unfathomable, endless of extent!
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void
Nor change nor error knows. But who their ways
By Reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare! What search shall find
Their times and seasons! their appointed laws,
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,

And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree,
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou! supreme,
First independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human-kind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of Heav'n
Roaming the' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy Almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds:—with earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small,
Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern host; nor with less state,
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the south of Heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to Heaven's extreme;
Distinguish'd tract! but as with upward flight
Soaring I gain the' immensurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward through the universal sphere
Already past; now up to the' heights untried,
And of the' enlarging prospect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession; here pure scenes of light
Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd; there a dying sun
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick vapoury mists
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, dispreading slow,
And deepening shade on shade, till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams!
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: Heav'n itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years:
So this cerulean round, the work divine

Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods; where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through the' immense
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths, without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne; of various face,
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers;
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embodied mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air,
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal, in whose train
Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,
Each on his pale horse rides, the ministers
Of angry Heav'n, to scourge offending worlds!
But, lo! where one from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,
By some hid pow'r attracted from his path;
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
The' exhausted orb; and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and spreads
In orient streams to his fair train afar

Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In still amazement lost the' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from Heav'n,
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching the' Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.
Immortal natures! clothed with brightness round
Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam;
Their will unerring, their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone; for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more:
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time:
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
The' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of Heav'n fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,

To thousands: some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.
Nor is the sovereign nor the' illustrious great
Alone their care: to every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these bless'd minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow,
Yet dear to Heav'n, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits
That busy human-kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay for numerous wrongs
Meekness and charity: or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns [height,
With all their worlds: and still from height to
By things created rising, last ascend
To that First Cause who made, who governs, all,
Fountain of being! self-existent Power!
All-wise, all-good! who from eternal age
Endures and fills the' immensity of space;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits: undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no landmarks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On his visiting Oxford in the year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince! the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays:
At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
These need not here; for to a soul like thine
Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.
The truly good but wish the verse sincere;
They court no flattery who no censure fear.
Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind.
Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm in gracious princes yet unborn.
Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here candour dwells, here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.

See these enlighten'd sages who preside
O'er Learning's empire; see the youth they guide!
Behold all faces are in transport drest!
But those most wonder who discern thee best.
At sight of thee each free-born heart receives
A joy the sight of princes rarely gives,
From tyrants sprung, and oft themslves design'd
By Fate the future Neros of their kind:
But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
From laurell'd heroes and from warrior kings,
Through that high series we delighted trace
The friends of liberty and human race!
  Oh! born to glad and animate our Isle!
For thee our heav'ns look pleas'd, our seasons smile;
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
Attended by soft suns and vernal air, [hour,
Sought those fam'd springs [1] where, each afflictive
Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her pow'r:
She came, and while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose;
Hence to thy cheek that instant bloom deriv'd!
Hence with thy health the weeping world reviv'd!
  Proceed to emulate thy race divine;
A life of action and of praise be thine!
Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By nature daring, but by reason good.
So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight,
Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.

[1] Bath.

If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou must do:
The honours that already grace thy name
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame:
Ev'n she, bright Anna! whom thy worth has won,
Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
Rich in all outward grace, the' exalted fair
Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
O! be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply
The patriot race, till Nature's self shall die!

ON DR. FRAZER'S

REBUILDING PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

In times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts in others saw unprais'd;
Friend to mankind [1], a prelate good and great
The Muses courted to this safe retreat;
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.
The fabric finish'd, to the sovereign's fame [2],
His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim:
Here by successive worthies well was taught
Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought:
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair;

[1] Bishop Elphinston.

[2] Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.
Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place,
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.
Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total desolation near;
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,
And fix'd on Heav'n his sorrow-streaming eye!
From Heav'n, in that dark hour, commission'd came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name:
Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright,
At whose felt influence Nature smil'd with light.
'Hear, and rejoice!'—the gracious Pow'r begun—
'Already fir'd by me, thy favourite son
This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes,
And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise.
Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments gray,
In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory, lay,
The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend!
'Nor ends the bounty thus: by him bestow'd,
Here Science shall her richest stores unload:
Whate'er long-hid Philosophy has found,
Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
Or History descry'd, far-looking sage!
In the dark doubtfulness of distant age; [bin'd,
These, thy best wealth, with curious choice com-
Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind;

To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
And fire the Bard whom Genius means to live.
'But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace;
Let low self-love and pedant discord cease:
Their object truth, utility their aim,
One social spirit reign, in all the same:
Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigour shoot,
Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit,
Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay.'

A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

Fair Morn ascends; soft Zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the spring;
Where sown profusely herb and flower
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where sweetly pensive Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend in joy or woe!

O thou! most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face,
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sum of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch where in sweet sleep
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death of life alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
  But when the sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train,
All Nature sickening in the blaze,
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,

Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.
  There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down,
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,
The green leaf shivering in the gale,
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak:
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead,
Sages or poets. See! they rise,
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo, Socrates! the sent of Heav'n,
To whom its moral will was giv'n:
Fathers and friends of human-kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
  While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid,
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,
A browner night involv'd the bow'r;
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of Heav'n,
Great charter with our being giv'n,

For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

The rising morn, serenely still,
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill,
Not those loose beams that wanton play
To light the mirth of giddy May,
Nor such red heats as burn the plain
In ardent Summer's feverish reign,
But rays all equal, soft, and sober,
To suit the second of October,
To suit the pair whose Wedding-day
This sun now gilds with annual ray.
Just then where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four short miles above St. James's,
And deigns with silver-streaming wave
The' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were soaring,
While Putney cits beneath lay snoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten *per cent*
On sums to their dear country lent;
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name,

Though wiser moderns much disparage——
I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.
  But Cupid first, his wit to show,
Assuming a mere modern beau,
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth,
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat.
  'How! on the wing by break of dawn,
Dear brother!'—there he forc'd a yawn—
'To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
They must ere night be gagg'd and bound!
Who having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds may ne'er sleep sound again.
So say the wits; but wiser folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know each better bliss is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails nor ever sours!
Well, be it so: yet there are fools
Who dare demur to formal rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that sovereign bliss a wife.
Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free
To stroll with Bacchus and with me,
And sup in Middlesex or Surrey
On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.'
  Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier;
While Hymen soberly replied,
Yet with an air of conscious pride:

'Just come from yonder wretched scene,
Where all is venal, false, and mean,
(Looking on London as he spoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper,
Thine arrows feather'd at the tail
With India bonds for hearts on sale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street:
But couldst thou for a moment quit
These airs of fashionable wit,
And reassume thy nobler name—
Look that way, where I turn my flame—'
He said, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd—
'Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm,
And while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares swear that neither feigns.
This morn, that bound their mutual vow,
That bless'd them first, and blesses now,
They grateful hail; and from the soul
Wish thousands o'er both heads may roll,
Till from life's banquet either guest
Embracing, may retire to rest.
Come then, all raillery laid aside,
Let this their day serenely glide;
With mine thy serious aim unite,
And both some proper guests invite,
That not one minute's running sand
May find their pleasures at a stand.'
At this severe and sad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke,

Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd,
Not yet consenting, though convinc'd;
For 'tis your witling's greatest terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own his error;
Yet with a look of arch grimace
He took his penitential face;
Said, ' 'Twas perhaps the surer play
To give your grave good souls their way;
That as true humour was grown scarce,
He chose to see a sober farce;
For of all cattle and all fowl
Your solemn-looking ass and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.'
He said, and eastward spread his wing,
From London some few friends to bring.
His brother too, with sober cheer,
For the same end did westward steer;
But first a pensive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
Sent off to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend;
And bid him, this one day, at least,
For such a pair, at such a feast,
Strip off the sable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
But Hymen, speeding forward still,
Observ'd a man on Richmond hill [1],
Who now first tries a country life,
Perhaps to fit him for a wife:

[1] A. Mitchell, Esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

But though not much on this he reckon'd,
The passing god look'd in and beckon'd;
He knows him rich in social merit,
With independent taste and spirit,
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear such men should laugh at him.
  But, lo! already on his way,
In due observance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
And one sole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private;
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
His lov'd companions, Ease and Health;
Or in his garden, barring out
The noise of every neighbouring rout,
At pensive hour of eve and prime
Marks how the various hand of Time
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
His vegetable sons and daughters.
  While these are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold
First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden[2]
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden;
Brave as the sword he wears in fight,
Sincere, and briefly in the right,
Whom never minister or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
  A second see! of special note,
Plump Comus[3] in a col'nel's coat,

[2] The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

[3] The late Colonel Caroline Scott, who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill,

Whom we this day expect from far,
A jolly first-rate man of war,
On whom we boldly dare repose,
To meet our friends or meet our foes.
Or comes a brother in his stead?
Strong-bodied too, and strong of head;
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his nose,
And holds it little less than treason
To balk his stomach or his reason:
True to his mistress and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.
Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himself attends to 'squire her:
A welcome guest! we much had miss'd her,
For 'tis our Kitty or his sister.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb to shear her wool;
No Teague of that unblushing band
Just landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse
To steal an heiress or a purse:
No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half-form'd insect of a peer,
With neither land nor conscience clear,
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Just spell the motto on his landau:
From all, from each of these, defend her,
But thou and Hymen both befriend her

spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
And much good sense, and some estate.
  But now, suppose the' assembly met,
And round the table cordial set,
While in fair order, to their wish,
Plain Neatness sends up every dish,
And Pleasure at the sideboard stands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due measure,
As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure—
Let these white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay;
In every face let joy be seen,
As Truth sincere, as Hope serene;
Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine
To flavour both the meat and wine
With that rich relish to each sense
Which they, and they alone, dispense;
Let Music, too, their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and festive song;
Then when at eve the Star of Love
Glows with soft radiance from above,
And each companionable guest
Withdraws replenish'd, not opprest,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say—
'My life be such a Wedding-day!'

TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADDRESSED TO

A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this; however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them; it will at the same time be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

March 3, 1761.

'* * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour; but notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

'I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown: and I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.'

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Imprimatur, meo periculo.

CHESTERFIELD.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,

Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there,
Till finding earth by Heav'n unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew;
There, station'd in the Virgin sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if at times she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.
For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd,
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the Virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found, in fact—a patriot-king!
But as a sight so nobly new
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view,
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night
The goddess shot her beamy flight:
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite where he lay
In sweet repose; o'er all his face
Repose shed softer bloom and grace;
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envied fate)

The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.
In all the silence of surprise,
She gaz'd him o'er ; she saw arise
(For gods can read the human breast)
Her own idea there imprest ;
And that his plan to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urania to her aid.
At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurell'd grove ;
Loose to the gale her azure robe,
Borne in her left a starry globe,
Where each superior son of fame
Will find inscrib'd his deathless name ;
Her right sustains the' immortal lyre,
To praise true merit, or inspire.
' Behold '—Astrea thus began——
' The friend of virtue and of man ;
Calm reason see in early youth !
See in a prince the soul of truth !
With love of justice, tender sense,
For suffering worth and innocence,
Who means to build his happy reign
On this best maxim, wise and plain——
Though plain, how seldom understood !
That to be great he must be good :
His breast is open to your eye ;
Approach, Urania ! mark, and try :
This bosom needs no thought to hide ;
This virtue dares our search abide.

'The sacred fountains to secure
Of Justice, undisturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to stain their course;
That these may flow serene and free,
The law must independent be;
Her ministers, as in my sight,
And mine alone, dispensing right;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour just, as truth sincere,
With temper firm, with spirit sage,
The Mansfields of each future age.
'And this prime blessing is to spring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial trust,
His greatness founds in being just;
Prepares, like yon ascending sun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And where his gracious eye appears,
To bless the world he lights and cheers!
'Such worth with equal voice to sing,
Urania! strike thy boldest string,
And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,
That here inspires shall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear:
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record what I approve.'
She ended; and the Heav'n-born maid
With soft surprise his form survey'd:
She saw what chastity of thought
Within his stainless bosom wrought,
Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
And, pausing, offer'd this reply:

'Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
Such truths should to the world impart:
My task is but in simple verse
These promis'd wonders to rehearse;
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise.
'Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains;
Would such a prince permit my strains?
Deserving, but still shunning fame,
The homage due he might disclaim.
A prince who rules to save mankind,
His praise would in their virtue find;
Would deem their strict regard to laws;
Their faith and worth, his best applause:
Then, Britons! your just tribute bring
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party rage:
On his example safely rest;
He calls, he courts you to be blest;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of just and right.
'My part is last; if Britain yet
A lover boasts of truth and wit,
To him these grateful lays to send,
The monarch's and the Muse's friend,
And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
My voice may give to latest times.'
She said; and after thinking o'er
The men in place near half a score,
To strike at once all scandal mute,
The goddess found and fix'd on Bute.

THE REWARD:

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

Apollo, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye:
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know:
Or have you mark'd the' averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his Dedication-book?
  But gods are never in the wrong:
What then displeas'd the pow'r of Song?
  The case was this: Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,
Have chas'd all taste from all the nation:
For is there now one table spread
Where Sense and Science may be fed?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place?
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy.

Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.
  This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud,
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend;
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song:
  'With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, six in seven,
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey;
With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round;
With much good will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts;
Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,
Or nods applause to his own joke;
This bearded child, this gray-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life as with a toy;
Still keeps amusement full in view:
Wise? Now and then—but oft'ner new;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door,
The next in waiting on a whore.
  'Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirk from his desert isle,
Or alligator from the Nile,
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man next day to dine:
Or was it an Hermaphrodite?
You found him in a two-fold hurry,
Neglecting for this he-she sight
The single charms of Fanny Murray.

Gathering from suburb and from city
Who were, who would be, wise or witty;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions,
The bags of maggot and new notions;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave antiquaries with their flams,
And poets squirting epigrams;
With some few lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink;
Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are and are not of the game:
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure in each quarter found:
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay,
And sees at hand, without affright,
The' inevitable hour of night.'
  But here some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate;
Some pedant of the sable gown,
Who spares no failings but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow;
Is this a subject for Apollo?
What! can the god of Wit and Verse
Such trifles in our ears rehearse?
  'Know, Puppies! this man's easy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good,
A science you ne'er understood;
And charity, ye sons of Pride!
A multitude of faults will hide.
I at his board more sense have found
Than at a hundred dinners round:

Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
Could often there collected spy;
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was sung or said.
'And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor strong and small,
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe [1].
Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
Whose wit well-tim'd, and sense well reason'd,
Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
And add new flavour to Champaign—
Shall this man to the grave descend
Unown'd, unhonour'd, as my friend?
No; by my deity I swear,
Nor shall the vow be lost in air:
While you, and millions such as you,
Are sunk for ever from my view,
And lost in kindred darkness lie,
This good old man shall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning shall be fame.'

[1] This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. *Mallet.*

TYBURN.

TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment: but, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By anthentic accounts it appears that, from the first rise of this Society to the present year, 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys, in all 9963 persons; whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

It has been (all examples show it)
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in Rhyme;
With wit enliven senseless rocks,
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards senators of note,
And rooks harangue that geese may vote.
These moral fictions, first design'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Æsop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His Fly upon the chariot-wheel
Could all a statesman's merit feel.

And, to its own importance just,
Exclaim, with Bufo, 'What a dust!'
His Horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
'Lord love us, how we apples swim!'
  But farther instances to cite
Would tire the hearer's patience quite.
No; what their numbers and their worth,
How these admire while those hold forth,
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell,
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wisdom may be found;
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce.
  Why should the gentle reader stare?
Are wooden orators so rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder:
So can St. Dunstan's in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation
That sober sense is sure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason
For using, what God gave him, reason.
  'A pox of all this prefacing!'
Smart Balbus cries; 'come, name the thing;
That such there are we all agree:
What is this wood?' Why—Tyburn-tree.
  Hear then this reverend oak harangue,
Who makes men do so ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

'Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains to be reliev'd:
When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Just as when doctors' fees run high
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durst into murmurs break,
For losers must have leave to speak;
Then from reproaching fell to mauling
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
As these again, their knaves and setters,
Durst vent complaints against their betters.
Whose only crime was in defeating
Their schemes of growing rich by cheating;
So shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd minister of state?
The finisher of care and pain
May sure with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true.
Marine Society! of you;
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.
'My property you basely steal,
Which ev'n a British Oak can feel;
Feel and resent; what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,
When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade?
For which both nations at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal War,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers by ten thousands fee'd,

Who now for legal quirks and puns
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns,
And each his client's cause maintains
By knocking out the' opponent's brains,
While Europe all—But we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.
' Your rules and statutes have undone me;
My surest cards begin to shun me:
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and hell;
And but for you the scoundrel line
Had every mother's son died mine:
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn;
Sons of Fleet-Ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches;
For neither health nor shame can wean us
From mixing with the midnight Venus.
' Nor let my cits be here forgot;
They know to sin as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of shade,
Late-risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the Common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own sire;
And while his hand is on her locket
The filial virtue picks his pocket.

'Change-Alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice;
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
'Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and Heav'n defy;
These, Tyburn's regimented train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine;
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend the good Old Bailey
To me made over, late or soon,
I think, at latest, once a moon;
But by your interloping care
Not one in ten shall be my share.
'Ere 'tis too late your error see,
You foes to Britain and to me!
To me, agreed—but to the nation?—
I prove it thus by demonstration.
'First, that there is much good in ill
My great apostle Mandeville
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral Fable of "The Bees."
Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good their trade were gone;

That were it not for useful vice
Their learned pains would bear no price;
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.
'Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe:
Now these, our sovereign lords the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and squabble,
The monstrous many-headed beast,
Whom we must not offend, but feast,
Like Cerberus, should have their sup;
And what is that but trussing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day!
To see Page [1] swinging they admire,
Beyond ev'n Madox [1] on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear
To Perry [1] dangling in the air!
And then the being drunk a week
For joy some Sheppard [1] would not squeak!
But now that those good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your scheme absurd of sober rules
Will sink the race of men to mules;
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard masters! who, just when they need 'em,
With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.
'Yet more—for it is seldom known
That fault or folly stands alone—

[1] As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. *Mallet.*

You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind,
Which must beget, in heads untried,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake
Will reckon each to be a Blake!
There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow!
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, *jusqu' au centuple;*
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?
'These and more mischiefs I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise
The kindred-weeds beneath despise,
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who in revenge will rage at them;
For through each rank what more offends
Than to behold the rise of friends?
Still when our equals grow too great
We may applaud, but we must hate;
Then will it be endur'd when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Pass in another—all of silk?

'Yet, one more mournful case to put;
A hundred mouths at once you shut!
Half Grub-Street, silenc'd in an hour,
Must curse your interposing pow'r.
If my lost sons no longer steal,
What son of her's can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too, that sung
How great from world to world they swung,
And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd!
'Blind Fielding too—a mischief on him!
I wish my sons would meet and stone him!
Sends his black squadrons up and down,
Who drive my best boys back to Town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To ease rich rascals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unsafe,
That there are surer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim
Of earning daily food and fame;
So down at home they sit and think
How best to rob with pen and ink.
'Hence red-hot letters and essays
By the John Lilburn of these days,
Who guards his want of shame and sense
With shield of sev'nfold impudence;
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuse and little wit;
Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend;
Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
All that defames his namesake beast;

Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
That sink where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hoar,
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound:
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.
'These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise:
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In Magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin;
Whose weekly or whose monthly feat is
First to decry, then steal your treatise:
So rogues in France perform their job,
Assassinating ere they rob.
'But, this long narrative to close;
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy no less
Should show the methods to redress.
If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail,
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And in one way destroy my trade,
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.
'O search this sinful Town with care;
What numbers duly mine are there!

The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike, and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth
The busy vermin pick up wealth,
Then without birth control the great,
Then without talents rule the state!

'Some ladies too—for some there are
With shame and decency at war,
Who on a ground of pale threescore
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know;
Who into vice intrepid rush,
Put modest whoring to the blush,
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper.

'Send me each mischief-making nibbler,
'Tis equal senator or scribbler,
Who on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,
Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
Both men and measures still the same;
Or serve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

'Send me each string—save green and blue—
These, Brother Towerhill, wait for you.

But, Lollius, be not in the spleen ;
'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
Not those of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the Round, but gaming, table,
Who every night, the waiters say,
Break every law they make by day ;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each others' goods and chattles ;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame—yet call it *Play !*
Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends ;
Or if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpitied and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!'

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 1760.

Apollo lately sent to know
If he had any sons below,
For by the trash he long had seen
In male and female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race must be extinct he thought.
His messenger to court repairs,
Walks softly with the crowd up stairs;

But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers sneer'd both young and old:
Augustus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That, from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
  His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card,
But not one word of verse or bard.
  The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,
His courier now past frowning by;
Ye modern Durfeys tell us why.
  Slow to the City last he went;
There all was prose of *cent per cent.*
There alley-*omnium*, *scrip*, and *bonus*,
(Latin for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
Made our poor nuncio stare and smile.
  And now the clock had struck eleven,
The messenger must back to heaven;
But just as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper;
He read unseen, then stole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way,
And reaching heav'n by break of day,
He show'd Apollo what he stole;
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole;

Then calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took,
And what he with a sun-beam there
Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:
'If I no men my sons must call,
Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
Mark then the sacred words that follow,
Sophia's mine'—so sign'd APOLLO.

IMPROMPTU,

ON A LADY WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

'WHY on this least of little Misses
Did Celia waste so many kisses?'
Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smil'd,
'She kiss'd the father in the child.'

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear:
An oath had made the ladies stare.
At them he duly dress'd, but without passion:
His only mistress was the fashion.
His verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His prose with sense correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:
At once a fribble and a man of parts.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

With no one talent that deserves applause;
With no one awkwardness that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say;
A clock at morn wound up to run a day;
His larum goes in one smooth simple strain;
He stops, and then we wind him up again:
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er:
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

Nerina's angel voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights;
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

'Dear Thomas! didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas! didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of Simile—

A squirrel spend its little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.'
  So fares it with this little peer
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the Town.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

In modern as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on;
The player in his own post-chaise,
The poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1760.

When Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone.
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house for ever fled?
Not so; by softer surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms;
For look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Ev'n now he triumphs in his race.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY! Heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute,
Behold me, where I shivering stand;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse;
Yet how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die;
And Death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose,
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy Soul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee behold all ravag'd Nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night, [light.
That spreads slow-shadowing o'er the vanquish'd
Look out with joy; the ruler of the day
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray;
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll;

In dismal pomp, now hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies,
While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
Now see sad earth—like thine her alter'd state,
Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate!
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more the' ungrateful verdure of the plain,
No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain;
These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate;
The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stripp'd of their honours, naked now appear;
This is—my Soul! the winter of their year:
The little noisy songsters of the wing,
All shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail, reverend Silence! with thy awful brow,
Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now;
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern hopeless laid
On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
And, pleas'd with winter's waste, unpitying see
All nature in an agony with me.
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd tow'rs,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile)—in wild disorder rise;

And now, the various dreadfulness combin'd,
Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.
  See! Night's wish'd shades rise spreading through the air,
And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare!
Hail, solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark!—a sudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near;
Shadows from each dark cavern now combine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
  Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring:
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let Winter be—
Let never wanton Season laugh at me.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER [1], 1761.

O! Crown'd with honour, bless'd with length of days,
Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
Though still the fairest from Heaven's bounty flow,
For good and great no monarch can bestow;
Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,
No fortune, Hardwicke! is sincerely bless'd:

[1] Philip, first Earl of Hardwicke.

All human-kind are sons of sorrow born;
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.
For say, can Wisdom's self, what fate was thine,
Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign?
Ah! no: when Love, when Reason, hand in hand
O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,
The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
Adorn the living while they grace the dead;
From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw,
By Heav'n approv'd, and true to Nature's law.
When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave [2],
No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept:
And, O! by grief allied, as join'd in fame,
The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,
Ev'n she thy pride and pleasure is no more;
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.
O season mark'd by mourning and despair!
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair!
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease;
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.
What funerals have thy cruel ravage spread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

[2] Tullia died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. *Mallet.*

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;
O think who suffer and who sigh with you.
See ruddy snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
Thy Pelham, turn on Heav'n his streaming eye;
Again in her he sees a brother die!

And he who, long unshaken and serene,
Had death in each dire form of terror seen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,
By love subdued, now weeps a consort lost;
Now sunk to fondness all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball,
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
See youth and age, the' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and reason will confirm the thought;
Thy cares for her are to their period brought,
Yes she, fair pattern to a failing age!
With wit chastis'd, with sprightly temper sage;
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd!
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
Where sin, and pain, and error, are no more;
She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel;
Death to her fame has fix'd the' eternal seal.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades! o'er Nature spread
Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
In honour of the' approaching dead
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding slow;

Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep,
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And after some few stormy days
Now gracious gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears
Who shuts the scene of human woes;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid
The dead alone find true repose.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs. God is just,
And man most happy when he dies.
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more.

EPITAPH

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,

Who were both interred in the same Grave.

Dear to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son;

By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;
But, oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and died!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

This humble grave though no proud structures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place;
Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee:
Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

ON VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public, and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by Fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote;
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel!
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope! who choose the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.
In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write;
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair,
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave where Dido first was sped
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white;
Hence much hard study without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakspeare says the noon-day sun is bright,
His scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Wynkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page?
And he who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Wou'dbe pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created and yet rules the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none,
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own;
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay,
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay,
Now, eagle-wing'd, his Heav'nward flight he takes,
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes;
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.
Such was the Poet; next the scholiast view;
Faint though the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He with low industry goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none;
His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Wool'ston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakspeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound:
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;

With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind,
With those choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale [1].
Bless'd Genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace;
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this dread Dennis (and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare [2]?)
His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before [3]!
For this the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's name:
How justly, Pope! in this short story view,
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.
A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who sense with sound and truth with rhetoric mixt,

[1] This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager Here you see how he purchases his food; and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of seamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See A Collection of Voyages to the North.

[2] ——— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c. VIRG.

[3] See The Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.
The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely man or woman spoke their mind:
All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
At last an honest sexton join'd the throng,
(For as the theme was large their talk was long)
'Neighbours,' he cry'd,' my conscience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.'

In this the critic's folly most is shown:
Is there a genius all unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read?
Himself, with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,
That writer he selects, with awkward aim,
His sense at once to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop with half a nose;
So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux;
Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, strange to say! tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
His genius social as his judgment clear,
When frolic prudent, smiling when severe;
Secure each temper and each taste to hit,
His was the curious happiness of wit:
Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay;
Among the fair but just as wise as they;
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And but by books acquainted with mankind,
Dares in the fulness of the pedant's pride
Rhyme, though no genius, though no judge decide;
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part;
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead:
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ;
The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
And Paradise by him is lost again [4].
Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see;
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,
Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old,
Who to his iron-bed by torture fits
Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.
Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human-kind to sound his praise
For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,
For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,

[4] This sagacious scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him, because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
Yet be his merits with his faults confest;
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men so well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have sworn were men of note.
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd;
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis! thou may'st see the jest.
But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind?
Let Cooke a brother-scholiast Shakspeare call,
Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle still: in this we see
The lackies of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate,
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.
Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits as scavengers to streets;
The humble blackguards of a Pope and Gay,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.
Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.

Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
The scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
What Capreæ's isles or V**'s alcove contains;
Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
Was lavish to his father's wife alone;
Why those fond female visits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade;
How modern love has made so many martyrs,
And which keeps oft'nest, Lady C* or Chartres.
But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,
To sum the libels Pryne or Withers wrote;
To guess, ere one epistle[5] saw the light,
How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother boobies steal a trope.
That be the part of persevering Wasse[6],
With pen of lead; or, Arnal! thine of brass;
A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.
How little knowledge reaps from toils like these!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.

[5] See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads, one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

[6] See the Preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

Yet, Critics! would your tribe deserve a name,
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame,
First from the head a load of lumber move,
And from the volume all yourselves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense;
Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning or where taste presides,
And wit enlivens but what reason guides;
Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
Serious not silly, sportive but not vain;
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow:
Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the plain,
Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train,
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.
These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find;
Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.
Already I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,
The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest;
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow,
Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe;
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well.

These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh;
These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And these, O Mira! these are truly mine. [grove,
She whose sweet smile would gladden all the
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;
She, gentle Pow'r! victorious softness!—she,
Mira! is far from hence, from love and me;
Yet in my ev'ry thought her form I find, [bin'd!
Her looks, her words—her world of charms com-
Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease,
The native wit, that was not taught to please.
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
The' unstudied smile, the blush that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,
And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.
Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
Receive my soul within those folding arms;
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
And see! where Love himself is waiting near;
Here let me ever dwell—for Heav'n is here!

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEM CALLED 'WINTER,' IN 1726.

Charm'd and instructed by thy powerful song,
I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long;
This debt of gratitude at length receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,
And shows it blazing in the brightest fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,
And goodness, eminent in power and place.
For this the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
Ev'n age and truth severe, in reading thee,
That Heav'n inspires the Muse convinc'd agree.
Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
Friendless—supported by itself alone:
For those whose aided will could lift thee high
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
Nor place nor power bestows the sight refin'd,
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.
How couldst thou think of such, and write so well?
Or hope reward by daring to excel?
Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain
Those favours which the fawning base obtain,
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falsehood and flattery must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out the' unprofitable guest;
Extinguish each bright aim that kindles there,
And centre in thyself thy every care.
But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm man-
Cast each low thought of interest far behind: [kind,
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray;
Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays,
And by the pride despis'd they stoop to praise;
Thou! careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that straight way that leads to fair renown.

By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And by reluctant Envy slow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind;
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heav'n approves, and what the Muse has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly *will* the good undone:
So shall thy name through ages brightening shine,
And distant praise from worth unborn be thine;
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

SONGS.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.'

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda! timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'MARY SCOT.'

Where Thames, along the daisied meads,
His wave in lucid mazes leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing,
There in a safe though small retreat
Content and Love have fix'd their seat;
Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
Content that knows and hugs his treasure.

From art, from jealousy, secure,
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning;
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom truth and reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED:

Sung by a shepherdess who has lost her lover in the wars.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possess'd:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honour made sincere?

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed;
Tears that must ever, ever fall,
For, ah! no sighs the past recall;
No cries awake the dead!

PROLOGUES, &c.

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

Spoken by Lord Sandwich.

When arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk in politics or play,
The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakspeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like ascending Morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn,
From them diffus'd the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land with swift increase,
Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease,
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.
Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embower'd in Woburn's [1] airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves,
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse,
Through every bosom tender thought infuse,
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

[1] The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May 1743.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes from hill and dale
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale,
The various softness stealing through the heart,
Impressions sweetly social will impart.
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn;
And conscious Nature is in all the same,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

When this decisive night at length appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lie;
These meanly beg it as an alms; and those
By boastful blaster dazzle and impose.
Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,
Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly tried,
And then—let candour fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own
He aims to please by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inspiring nature, and directing art;

By scenes so wrought as may applause command
More from the judging head than thundering hand.
Important is the moral we would teach—
Oh! may this island practise what we preach—
Vice in its first approach with care to shun;
The wretch who once engages is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was accident at last is fate:
Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave,
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.
'As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
Our judges—here at least—from influence free:
One place—unbiass'd yet by party rage—
Where only honour votes—the British stage.
We ask for justice, for indulgence sue;
Our last best licence must proceed from you.'

TO THE MASK OF BRITANNIA.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick [1], 1755, *in the character of a sailor fuddled, and talking to himself.*

He ENTERS *singing,*

How pleasant a sailor's life passes!——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?
[*To the Pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, then stops.*
But softly though; the vessel seems to heel:
Steady, my boy—she must not shew her keel.

[1] Some of the lines too were written by him.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—
Dost love 'em, Boy?—By this right hand I do.
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting; [ing:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fight-
For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parlyrous* make such a racket,
And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sal to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!
But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.
[*Takes some tobacco.*
He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.—At the The-atre-Royal—Drury-Lane—will be presenta-ted a tragedy called——

SARAH.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sal may see
Her namesake's tragedy; and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

To which will be added—a new Mask.

Zounds! why a Mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
Bri-tan-nia—oh, Britannia!—good again—

Huzza, Boys! by the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coxen and the crew shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers with hand and
heart! [*Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing,
True to yourselves, your country, and your king.

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is from these fellows, point blank contradiction.
Our Bard, without—I wish he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you shall hear—
Good Sir! quoth I—and curtsey'd as I spoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
'Twere fit to humour them; for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the same thing long.
To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue—
To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.
Is there a war—Peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight and
die.
Gallants! in talking thus I meant no treason;
I would have brought, you see, the man to reason;
But with some folks 'tis labour lost to strive:
A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.
He humm'd and ha'd; then, waking from his dream,
Cried, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer odd whim of pious propagation[1]!
Lord! talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—
Drury may propagate—but not Religion.
Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,
Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly new.
Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs make him a while your passion,
A little while let Virtue be the fashion;
And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live nine days, like other wonders.

[1] The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, Union Buildings, Leather Lane.

PR
3338
A17
1812
v.3

Butler, Samuel
Poetical works

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRA

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 12 11 01 05 002 8